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IN A STATION-HOUSE.

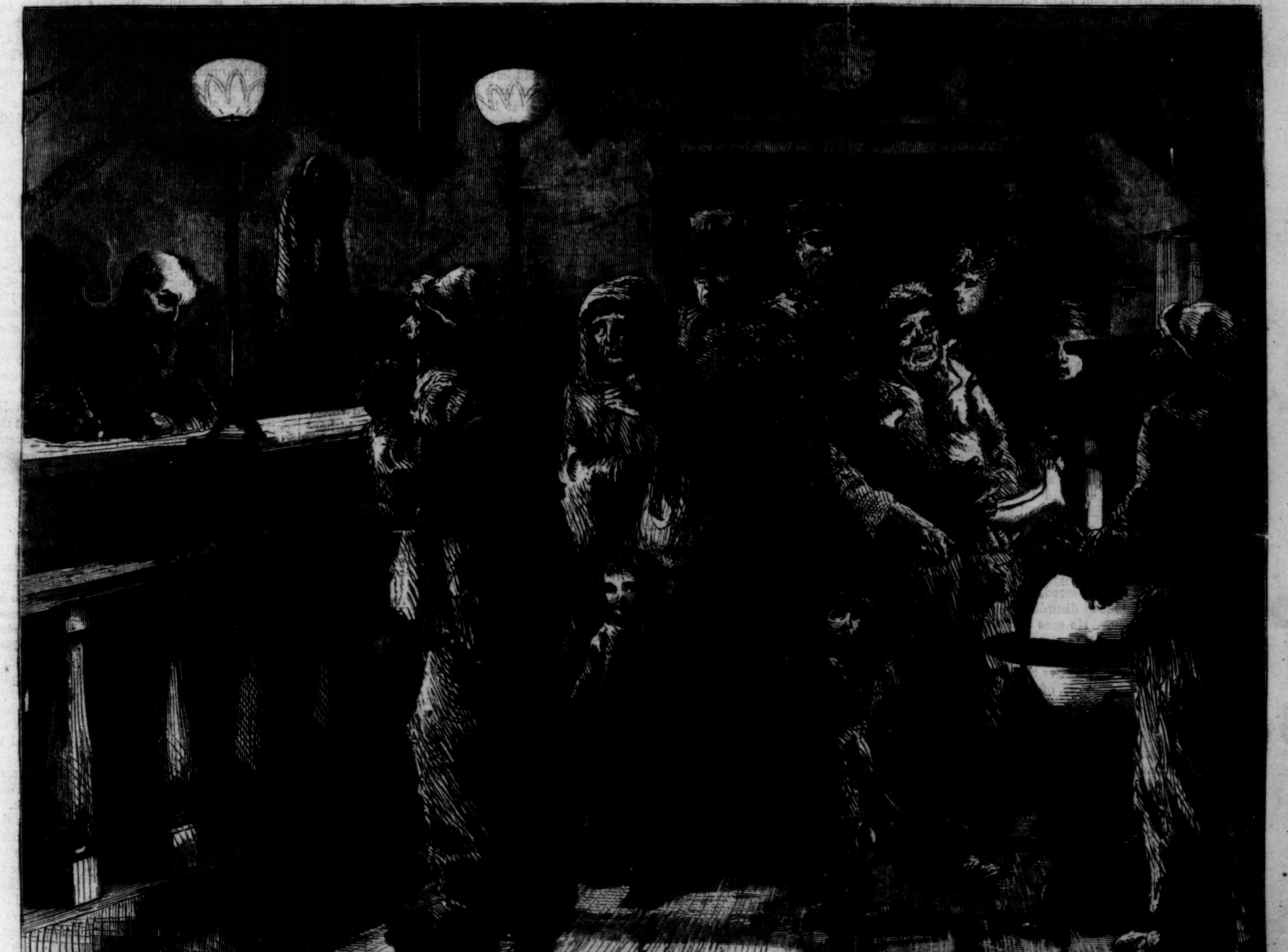
If any one wants to know the extent of the misery existing among the lower classes of our city population, he must pay a visit, on some cold winter's night, to one of our police stations. He will generally, almost invariably, in fact, find it crowded with a motley collection of people—such as Mr. Sol Ettinge has so graphically depicted for us—from trembling old age down to little children scarcely able to walk, who have been driven to seek shelter in these comfortable and always hospitable quarters from the inclemency of the weather. Many of them are constant tramps, who have nowhere else to go. Others are strangers in the city—poor people who have come to the city in search of employment. Failing to find it, and what little money they brought with them being exhausted, they have only the alternative of the station-house or the pavement; and many persons of this class often suffer to the verge of perishing rather than apply to the police for aid, under the impression that some sort of stigma rests upon such places and upon all who enter them.

The different classes of people who frequent the station-houses in winter are well characterized in our illustration. There is pathos as well as a grim sort of picturesque humor in the group collected about the glowing stove; and it would be easy, studying these forms and faces, to construct for each one a story, either of misery or of crime.

OLD AND YOUNG SOLDIERS.

General Trochu, in his masterly criticism on the French army of 1867, dedicated a chapter to a discussion on the merits and demerits of old and young soldiers; and as much that was written in that pamphlet has been fully exemplified by recent events, it will not be out of place to trace how far the views he advocated on this particular point have received corroboration during the present war. General Trochu combated the generally received opinion that old soldiers, such as form the strength of an army in times of trial, mean men of from thirty-five to forty-five years of age, who have passed their youth and prime in the ranks; he showed that such men were usually encumbrances rather than aids to discipline, and that generally they had lost much of the bodily and mental vigor necessary for soldiers, and had imbibed many of the vices inherent to the military profession. The true old soldier is the man young in years, who had learned experience from one or two campaigns; or, if circumstances did not permit of such training, who had passed two or three years creditably under military discipline. General Trochu regretted that the imperial army was gradually losing its youth, and that, owing to the great encouragements afforded to re-engagement, its ranks were becoming encumbered with men who were serving simply for pay and pension.

Whether this, among other causes, operated in determining the inferiority of the French to the Prussian troops at the commencement of the present war must still be a matter of opinion until the whole truth affecting the organization of the imperial army is fully laid bare. The fact, however, remains that the Prussian army, in respect to the rank and file, was essentially young—*i. e.*, it was formed of men in the prime of youth and vigor, from twenty to twenty-six years of age—and that such soldiers in nearly every engagement, whether acting on the defensive or the offensive, whether employed as artillery, cavalry, or infantry, overthrew what had been hitherto considered the most perfect army of Europe. The later experiences of the war have shown how these same troops, meeting the newly organized levies which France, after the loss of her regular army, poured into the field, although far inferior in numerical force, have defeated them in every important engagement. Without, therefore, straining facts to suit theory, it may be declared that the perfection of soldiers in regard to age is from twenty to twenty-six years; that is, when men have come to maturity in respect to bodily strength, and are yet possessed with the vigor of youth, together with the freedom from care and encumbrances which usually accompany middle age. Still more, however, may it be held that without military training neither patriotism, enthusiasm for liberty, nor the courage which the defense of hearth and home inspires, will avail against disciplined and organized troops. It is not only that the raw levies will be imperfect in drill and tactics, but they will be deficient in what military education implies. Subordination of the will to the superior authority, mutual confidence and respect between the different grades, the feeling of reliance on the support of fellow-comrades in the ranks, are all unconsciously but not less surely imbibed during the process which, founded upon the traditions of the most ancient times, still obtains in training men for soldiers.



SCENE IN A STATION-HOUSE ON A WINTER'S NIGHT.—[Drawn by Sol Ettinge, from a Sketch by Thomas Worth.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1871.

☞ *In the* SUPPLEMENT *sent out with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *the reader will find another Chapter of the interesting Summary of* ARCTIC TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE, *commenced in the Number for January 28; two fine and characteristic Illustrations of* WINTER SPORT; *a* COUNTRY WINTER SCENE; *and other attractive features.*

1872.

THE formation of GRANT Clubs in the city of New York is a significant sign of the tendency of opinion in the Republican party. It shows that the conviction of the renomination of the President is so strong that gentlemen are willing to pronounce for him, thereby prejudicing their chances with any other possible candidate. There is, indeed, no other serious candidacy, and the reason undoubtedly is that the administration of General GRANT is felt to be, upon the whole, honest, efficient, and satisfactory. It certainly has not lacked criticism from its friends, in which we have borne a part; but its great merit is that it has practically persuaded the great mass of intelligent American citizens that it seeks unostentatiously and economically the public welfare. A certain good sense has presided over it throughout; and, attacked with a rancor which from its extravagance has been often ludicrous, it has yet maintained its even way, and has quietly lived down a great many imposing accusations.

Indeed, a feeble Republican administration would be more trusted by the country than any Democratic administration whatever. For the permanent fact in the political situation which is universally seen and pondered is that the Democratic party is the party which sneers at the war and the victory of the Union, and which steadily honors the cause and the leaders of the rebellion. It is by Democratic votes that General BLAIR, who would have relinquished the victory in which he took part, is elected to the Senate. It is by Democratic votes that a portrait of General LEE is ordered by the Virginia Senate, and a portrait of General THOMAS is declined. It is by Democratic papers that General LONGSTREET is decried, because he did not persist in his hostile attitude to the Government. It is by Democratic papers, in fine, that rebels are extolled, and the great results of the war are belittled. Meanwhile the leaders of that party are seen to be substantially unchanged. The old Copperhead element is supreme. The party orators and papers cry out against Republican extravagance and corruption, while in the government of the city of New York the whole country beholds an illustration of Democratic economy and honesty!

There is, therefore, and most justly, in the great popular heart of this country, a profound distrust of the Democratic party. If a man thinks the taxes heavy, he sees that the dominant party has both diminished the debt and reduced taxation, and he asks himself whether he can fairly expect any speedier relief from the party whose last declared policy was virtually repudiation. He looks at General GRANT in the White House, who, as General BLAIR told us, would undoubtedly make himself Emperor, and he asks himself whether the country would have been more peaceful and prosperous and stable if Mr. SEYMOUR had been placed there. He sees every where tranquil and confident industry, and such a restoration of order as no country ever showed after so fierce a convulsion as that of the war, and he asks himself whether industry would be more tranquil and confident, and order more assured, if those who made the great and bloody disorder should be called to control affairs. He sees that the intelligence, the rural labor, the moral sentiment of the country instinctively favor Republican rule, and he asks himself whether the cause of individual liberty, of education, of moral progress, of the general welfare, is likely to be more advanced by a party to which the ignorant and vicious classes naturally gravitate.

And this man sees that the Republican cause—at once patriotic, and full of the glorious traditions of the pure devotion and heroism and results of the war, and progressive in the truest American sense, the cause which is that of all our best principles and of our most legitimate hopes—is satisfactorily represented to the popular mind by the honest purpose, the sturdy good sense and simplicity, of General GRANT. It does not make him an ideal hero. It does not deny that it wishes some things might be different in his administration, as, indeed, in every administration. It does not defend or praise every measure; but it judges him by the character of his whole administration, and it declares that it finds him sensible, sincere, upright; a man who does not believe that the old day of slavery was better than the new day of liberty; who does not wish to try how far he can venture to return toward a policy which the country has rejected; but who does wish to confirm and strengthen the country in its new and true policy of equal rights for all men.

During Mr. LINCOLN'S first term, and in the very crisis of the war, there were those who thought that it would be wise to try a new candidate who had not been so severely criticised. But those who heard the thrilling shout of unanimity with which he was renominated in Baltimore knew that it was the voice of that great popular confidence, which was only the surer because it was not blinded by idolatry. The good sense of the people renominated LINCOLN, as it elected GRANT. The same sagacity is now turning to GRANT, as a man who has faithfully served the country, and whom the country heartily trusts.

THE SAN DOMINGO DOCUMENTS.

WHATEVER differences there may be upon the general question of San Domingo annexation, there is no doubt whatever that the character of the gentlemen composing the commission has satisfied the country that the President spoke truly when he said to Commissioner WHITE, "What I want is just what the country wants—and that is, the real facts." These we shall presently have from the commission; and simultaneously with its departure the documents asked for by Senator SUMNER'S resolution were sent to the Senate. The Secretary of State accompanies them with a brief review of the policy hitherto pursued by the Government in regard to the Dominican republic. From this statement it appears that during the administrations of Presidents POLK and PIERCE agents were sent by the United States to report upon the situation and prospects of the country, and measures were taken to secure a coal station on Samana Bay, which were fruitless, because of the disturbed condition of the people, who were estimated at two hundred and thirty thousand, of whom forty thousand were blacks and one hundred thousand whites.

During our late troubles Spain tried to recover the Dominican part of the island, but was foiled. Then followed more revolutions and negotiations with us; and finally, in the great and glorious days of ANDREW JOHNSON, a proposition from the authority then uppermost in the country to lease certain points upon and near the coast. This was not agreeable to the United States, and the subject rested. The Dominicans wished, however, to resume its consideration, and an agent was sent to Washington with full powers. Just as he was about to do something, another revolution abruptly ended his efforts. In December, 1868, the new Government, which was that of BAEZ, reopened the question. In the following July General BABCOCK went to the island, and brought back the famous protocol. The treaty for annexation failed, and the convention for the lease of the bay and peninsula of Samana is still pending. The Secretary of State speaks of the policy of acquiring some hold upon the island as settled by a practice of nearly seventy years. But this is a question apart from the merits of the case. The policy of annexation, or of manifest destiny, sprang from the necessity of slavery to extend itself over a wider area. It had neither origin nor support in the real political or commercial necessities of the country.

There is nothing very significant in the documents submitted as to the designs of European powers upon the island. In 1856 our consular agent reported the European consuls there as hostile to the projected treaty with the United States, which was natural enough, but is of no significance. In May, 1868, Mr. SUMNER wrote to Mr. SEWARD for any information he might have of the wish of the North German Confederation to obtain a naval station upon the island. But there is no reply upon the files of the Department.

Another point in Mr. SUMNER'S resolution, to which the documents are the reply, is, however, of the highest importance. It is, in fact, whether BAEZ was kept in power by the presence of United States ships, and whether the republic of Hayti was coerced by our naval officers. This is the most serious charge in the speech of Mr. SUMNER, and it is one which should be very clearly explained. From the documents submitted it appears that Mr. BASSETT, our minister in Hayti, warned the Haytien Government not to interfere with the Dominican republic in any manner; and Rear-Admiral POOR, with the *Severn* and *Dictator* at hand, informed the Haytien President that, pending the negotiation between the United States and the Dominican Government, he should by every means prevent any interference with that Government. The Haytien authorities hastened to say that they should abstain from all interference. But when the treaty failed the Haytien President officially expressed his pleasure.

There appear to have been four of our armed ships in the waters of San Domingo. Why were they there? Were the Dominicans favorable to the treaty? If they were, they needed no support from the ships. If they were not, against whom were the ships to direct their fire? The Secretary of State says that the effect of the presence of the ships in the Dominican harbor was to keep the peace. But by what authority do American ships keep the peace in a foreign port? The Secretary says that the peace was threatened by Dominicans, who thought BAEZ too slow in concluding the treaty with the United States. Were our ships, then, to repress that part of the population which favored us? Perhaps the threatened disturbance might have overthrown BAEZ. If so, were our ships to sustain him against a domestic revolution? Is it true, also, that an American officer went to the Haytien executive palace at Port-au-Prince, and, pointing to the *Severn* and the *Dictator* in the harbor, threatened to fire upon the town if any movement were made against the Dominican republic? Do we claim the right, while a treaty of this kind is pending with another government, to defend it against its own people, and to repress by force, and without a declaration of war, a neighboring Government which may choose to protest?

The warmth of Senator SUMNER'S speech has been severely censured. But the documents submitted to the Senate show that great emphasis was justified; and it must be remembered that he made his speech with full knowledge of the documents. Certainly no man can regret the result of the debate who reflects that no measure should be more openly, generally, and deliberately discussed than any proposition for the annexation of territory and people to the United States. Such an act must not be completed secretly. And the whole country will be glad that the San Domingo question was not hurried through Congress by a joint resolution in the face of a rejected treaty, and that the country will have ample opportunity to understand the question. At present Congress is unpledged to annexation. Independent and honorable men have gone to examine and report upon the subject. "Investigate every thing," said the President to Mr. WHITE, of the commission. "I don't wish to influence you to make a report on one side or the other. Don't hesitate to expose any body and every body whom you may find guilty of dishonest dealing." This is the spirit which will elicit the truth.

THE TRAGEDY IN FRANCE.

IT would be remarkable if the republican *coup d'état* in France should prove to have been the occasion of the greater suffering of the unhappy country. If peace had been made with the Regency, after the surrender at Sedan, the Germans would have demanded the provinces; nor could there have been any help for it. But the imperial war being ended with so great a disaster to the country, and the enemy having withdrawn, there would have been a movement which would certainly have ended in the overthrow of the empire, and a popular Assembly to form a new government. It is not improbable that it would have been a republic, which would then have had to deal only with domestic difficulties, and not with a foreign enemy. But the sudden assumption of power by a few gentlemen in Paris furnished Germany the most plausible of excuses for refusing to treat with a committee who could not offer any guarantee whatever that they represented France, or that the terms upon which they might agree would be ratified by the country. If Germany intended a war of conquest she could have asked no greater favor of France than precisely such a movement as took place. It was a movement which deprived France of any authorized voice, and the gentlemen who controlled it have hitherto steadily refused to allow that voice to be heard.

M. GUIZOT deprecates this cardinal error of the Committee of Defense. M. LOUIS BLANC, as we have more than once remarked, justifies it. But in so doing he justifies every crime of every despotism that has harried his country. M. LABOULAYE declares that after Sedan France would have paid without haggling a heavy indemnity, and would have accepted defeat freely without any thought of revenge. But what proof is there of such a disposition? The empire was thrust aside by the cry that it had not repelled the enemy, and the republic was proclaimed as more efficient to carry on the war. If, when the news of Sedan came to Paris, any body had publicly advised that peace should be sought upon condition of an enormous payment, and of an understanding that France would never seek revenge for an unparalleled humiliation, does M. LABOULAYE think that the orator would long have survived his oration? The Committee of Defense, calling itself a republic, was born of mingled rage at defeat and resolution to retrieve it. It was the very moment when the leaders might have trusted that an Assembly, fresh from the country, would have buried every other feeling, and all political preference, in a determination to resist.

But when, by the overthrow of the empire, all representative authority disappeared, and no attempt was made to turn sympathy against Germany by extorting from her the offer of conditions which were plainly intolerable, the great opportunity was lost. The Committee of Defense made their own a war which they had individually opposed, and which the world condemned as causeless and wanton; and they postponed peace indefinitely by preventing the appearance of a representative power. In the actual emergency every thing must be at last referred to an Assembly, which should have been summoned at first. If Paris falls, and whether the Committee of Defense yields or persists further, there can be no settlement without some appeal to the people of France. But if the republicans, after Sedan, had insisted that a truce, with the offer of necessary guarantees, should have been asked by the Regency until the people had been consulted, the later disasters of France might have been avoided, or the opinion of the world would have been unanimously favorable to the French persistence.

The touching and interesting letter of LABOULAYE, to which we have alluded, is written to a friend in New York, and is another expression of the despair of France. He hopes that in America we comprehend that the cause of France is that of liberty, and that the victory of Prussia will be the triumph of despotism, the beginning of another Thirty Years' War, and Europe abandoned to the greed of Prussia and the barbarism of Russia. He declares what France would have done after Sedan—but unhappily history will only see what France did. He is sure that America will agree that there could be no more heroic spectacle than France refusing to abandon Alsace and Lorraine. He states that the wickedness with which the war is waged is inconceivable, and that the three hundred thousand Germans who lived and throve in France have become spies to lead the armies of Germany against their ancient masters. LABOULAYE indignantly denies the moral superiority of the Germans, which, he says, they constantly boast; and he asserts that the German soldiers themselves are weary of the war. "As for the old King, the mysterious corporal, as he is justly called, he thinks that he plays the Christian in slaying thousands of people, and he is persuaded that his mission is to scourge a country which has not harmed him." The tone of the letter is profoundly pathetic.

On the other hand, the reader will find in our last issue another letter, written by a Frenchman ten days before that of LABOULAYE. He says what the mere outside spectator would infer: "Three dragons rule in France—indifference, ignorance, and party spirit, which devour and will devour France...... Humanly speaking, there is to-day, both in the army and at home, nothing but demoralization, disorder, and confusion." The illustrations of "Praying for Peace" which accompany this letter show how passionately the desolated homes and hearts of France pray for peace. So sorrowful a fate has befallen no nation in modern times. Disaster accumulates upon disaster. The appalled observer calls a truce to the argument of responsibility, and awaits the final catastrophe, which can hardly be much longer delayed.

THE MISSOURI SENATOR.

THE selection of General BLAIR by the Democratic party in Missouri as Senator of the United States is another of the signs of its real character which that party occasionally and generously offers the country. In 1868, just before the meeting of the Democratic National Convention, which was controlled by rebel sympathy, General BLAIR wrote a letter to Colonel JAMES O. BRODHEAD, in which he said, after denouncing the reconstruction acts as unconstitutional, that there was but one way to restore the government and the Constitution; "and that is," he continued, "for the President elect to declare these acts null and void, compel the army to undo its usurpations at the South, disperse the carpet-bag State Governments, allow the white people to reorganize their own governments, and elect Senators and Representatives." The meaning of such words was, of course, evident, and they were at once understood by the country. But they were sweet and precious to the rebel element, which controlled the Democratic Convention, and the writer of the letter was made the Democratic candidate for Vice-President. The country, not wishing renewed civil war, nor anxious to intrust the government to its confessed enemies, presently showed its disposition. As the election approached, the New York *World* insisted that General BLAIR should be discarded as a candidate, which was merely "throwing up the sponge;" and instead of electing the gentleman who was for "undoing" and "dispersing" as President of the Senate, the people of the United States preferred Mr. COLFAX, and no sensible man in the country was sorry.

General BLAIR, as a Senatorial candidate, recently said in the Missouri Legislature: "There is no item in that letter that I take back. I stand by it." And he proceeded to explain that if the soldiers were withdrawn from "the South" their work will be undone. Now, small as this hole of escape is, it was not necessary for the General to creep through it. He would have received just as many votes if he had said that he would forcibly disperse the Legislatures of the Southern States. It was his BRODHEAD letter, and not the New York *World*, which expressed the spirit of his party; and that spirit is unchanged. If the General and his political friends could obtain control of the government, they would not hesitate to act upon the feelings and views which he expressed in 1868, and which he "stands by" in 1871. Meanwhile the country will remark what kind of candidates the Democratic party prefers as its representatives, and what kind of policy is probable, should such representatives direct the administration of affairs.

JOHN AND JONATHAN.

The London *Times*, in a carefully moderate article, anticipates a favorable and friendly result from the mission of General **Schenck**. It thinks that the prospect was never so hopeful as now. It welcomes the new minister as "representing the best and most honorable section of the dominant party in the United States," and declares that in England "there is nothing but a desire to attain, by fair concessions or frank allowances, the settlement of a foolish quarrel, which has alienated two great nations, allied by blood and by intellectual sympathies." In this country we can not consider the quarrel to be foolish, however unfortunate. It is a very grave difference, and touches some of the most vital points of international relations. But it is agreeable to read that Mr. **Vernon Harcourt**, at Oxford, while maintaining that on strictly legal grounds Great Britain could hardly be made responsible for the escape of the *Alabama*, admitted that "her subsequent admission to British ports was undoubtedly an error." And in any case, whether right or wrong, it is most desirable that these questions should be discussed by a competent tribunal. Mr. **Harcourt** will perhaps remember that the admission which he now makes as of course has not hitherto been conceded.

The principles upon which General **Schenck** will be instructed are evident from the **Motley** correspondence. The United States do not complain of the recognition of belligerent rights. They assert, merely, upon that point, that the circumstances under which it was made revealed an unfriendly disposition, and that where negligence of duty subsequently appears it may be presumed to be intentional. They also allege that it is the duty of every government to provide by law for the prompt and ample performance of international obligation, and that refusal to amend an inefficient law of this kind is a distinct violation of neutrality. In conversation with the British Government General **Schenck** will undoubtedly be instructed to call attention to the fact that upon remonstrance made by Prussia during the last summer, in a strain like ours during the rebellion, the British authorities immediately proposed a change which they refused to us. What occasion would there be, therefore, for referring to arbitration a question which the British Government has virtually decided against itself? If Prussia would, as the British action confesses, have had a right to complain if the law had not been revised, is it not clear that the United States may rightfully complain of losses that occurred before the revision?

Undoubtedly what remains in the settlement of the *Alabama* question is rather of form than substance. Great Britain probably expects to pay damages, and is willing to pay them; but she is not willing to make disagreeable acknowledgments any more than we should be. Yet we see no reason, in any view, why there may not be an expression of sincere regret at a misunderstanding which has not unnaturally arisen. In a difference of this kind there is always a great deal of feeling—and feeling is not pacified by the payment of money. A statesmanship which is not pedantic, and which seeks to deal with the essential elements of the case, no more disdains international magnanimity than an honorable statesman disdains generosity in his personal relations. In this instance it is the United States which is the injured party, and which complains. "Fair concessions," therefore, in the phrase of the *Times*, would be wise statesmanship. There is deep feeling in this country upon the subject. There is a sense of alienation and hostility toward England, which, although by no means so extensive and significant as the *Pall Mall Gazette* represents, is still very positive. There is also a sentiment of defiant willingness to wait, which means revenge in kind. But there is a deeper and a stronger sentiment, more truly American and human, which holds that the difficulty between America and England must be adjusted peacefully.

NOTES.

We do not mean to cast any reflection upon the commissioners of the new State Capitol at Albany when we say that it will probably turn out to be an enormous job. The vast swindling inseparable from such a work is something that they can not control. It was supposed that the building might cost four millions of dollars. It has already cost more than a million and a half, and it will probably cost ten or fifteen millions before it is fairly finished. Meanwhile a sufficient, beautiful, and commodious building could undoubtedly have been erected for two millions of dollars. The Governor, in his message, suggests that work might be judiciously suspended for a time, which shows that he thinks of the effect of the sums total of State expenses during his administration. But the commissioners ask for an appropriation of another million, that the work may go bravely on. Should the building ever reach the magnificent proportions proposed, what a fitting hall of legislation it will be for the representatives whom the dominant party in the city of New York send to the Assembly! If any body still doubts the advantages of Democratic ascendency in the government, let him come to the city in which the Democratic party has unquestioned control, and study those whom it selects as its representatives, and by whom the party is ruled.

The *World* speaks of **Horatio Seymour** and **John A. Andrew** as war Governors, or Governors who put in the field the forces which conquered the rebellion. This is like classing **Judas** and **John** together as Christian apostles. If all the apostles had been of the spirit of **Judas**, the hope of Christianity would have been well-nigh extinguished; and if all the war Governors had been like Mr. **Seymour**, the Union would hardly have survived. It is a pity that the friends of Mr. **Seymour** should suppose that a cool assertion can affect the facts of history, and of the most vivid remembrance. The speech of war-Governor **Seymour**, at the Academy of Music, on the 4th of July, 1863, was intended, of course, to inspire the brave boys in the field. The same war-Governor's expostulation with his friends in the Park during the riots which followed his speech, as flames follow the touching of a torch to tinder, were further illustrations of the energy and the devotion with which the Governor consecrated himself to the war. His presidency of the Chicago Democratic Convention, which adopted a surrender platform, shows how his zeal for the Union consumed him, as his suggestion that the Union should be relinquished rather than slavery illustrated his fidelity to human liberty. The *World* might as well describe itself as a loyal Union journal during the war, as speak of "State Governors like **Seymour** in New York, **Andrew** in Massachusetts, **Morton** in Indiana, and so on." The verdict of the people of this country upon the war record of Mr. **Seymour** has been pronounced; and we shall take care to revive the recollection of it, whenever there is an impertinent presumption that the American people forget who were Copperheads, or why they were called so.

An amendment to the Constitution of New York, forbidding grants of public money for sectarian purposes, has been proposed in the Legislature. It attacks the most flagrant form of the present evil practice, prohibiting such largess to any religious corporation, sectarian school, or institution of learning under the control of any religious denomination. With a Democratic majority in the Legislature, the passage of any such just resolution is, of course, hopeless. It is upon Democratic suggestion that the sectarian grants have hitherto been made; and it is part of the Democratic policy to propitiate in this way the favor of the only political sect in the country. Intelligent men every where can not be too watchful of this tendency of the Democratic party. It has the elements of great mischief, and is vitally hostile to one of the fundamental principles of any free political system — the absolute separation of church and state.

The valuable and interesting work recently issued, "The English Governess in Siam," has been severely attacked by the London *Athenæum*. The explanation of the onslaught is that it is inspired by the agent of the Siamese Government in England, who is himself an Englishman, and, as we learn, not familiar with the language of Siam; and as many of the facts told in the book, illustrating the real character of the Government of the country, are such as that Government would naturally wish to conceal, its obvious plan is to throw discredit upon the writer. But the good word of Dr. **Bowring**, who personally knows and esteems the author, will, pending a rejoinder to the strictures of the *Athenæum*, be of more service to her than the interested denial of the Siamese agent can be prejudicial.

The investigation of the difficulties in the Methodist Book Concern has been postponed to the meeting of the General Conference of that Church in 1872. This is a judicious decision; for whatever the present result might have been, the subject would certainly have been brought before the final tribunal of the denomination. The committee affirm their belief in the honesty, economy, and prudence of the business management of the Concern, but withdraw the charges against Dr. **Lanahan**, referring them to the General Conference. Upon his part, Dr. **Lanahan** reaffirms his charges of fraud and irregularity, and withdraws his present answer. Meanwhile Dr. **Lanahan** is restored to all his official relations with the Book Concern; and a commission, impartially selected, will make a thorough examination of the books and the financial management of the business of the Concern from its beginning until the present time, and will report to the Conference.

There is evidently a disposition in Congress to respond to the general wish of the country for the repeal of the income tax. The new commissioner, General **Pleasonton**, says that the tax "costs as much as it comes to," and he is evidently of opinion that it is desirable to remove it. When the subject was proposed in the Senate it was welcomed with unexpected ardor, and Senators **Sumner** and **Conkling** heartily agreed in wishing immediate action. Senator **Sherman**, the chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, opposed the repeal last year; but we hope that he has seen since the adjournment the inexpediency of continuing an exceptional war tax, which is of doubtful constitutionality, which is not necessary to the revenue, and which, if it were, furnishes so little relief to the treasury. The expression of public opinion in the country is almost unanimous in favor of the repeal, and a majority of the House of Representatives decreed it last year. Let the majority of the Senate now join with the House, and the country will rejoice.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

An English writer, in discussing the question of easterly gales, and the methods of foretelling their approach, by means of the barometer and otherwise, infers from the observations of the "Quarterly Weather Report" that such gales, so far from coming almost without notice, are preceded by a high barometer and a low temperature, and that an increasing difference of atmospheric pressure between the extreme limits of the British Islands is the danger signal of the advent, direction, and intensity of all storms. At the southern edge of these easterly gales he states that there always exists a lower barometer than at the northern, and hence the change of the position of low pressure marks out the track of the storm.

The use of torpedoes and other explosive apparatus for the capture of whales has been long practiced; but their application in the destruction of smaller fish is, we believe, somewhat novel. We now learn that a German named **Coombs** has established himself at a point below New Smyrna, in Florida, where he proposes to make use of these engines of destruction for killing fish as they come in schools into their vicinity. It is his intention to work up the fish obtained in this manner in the manufacture of fish guano on a large scale.

According to late papers, whaling in the North Pacific and Arctic seas has been more successful during the past season than in any year since 1852, a single vessel having lately put into Honolulu with 2200 barrels of oil.

The discovery of the Kaieteur Fall, in Demerara, already alluded to in *Harper's Weekly*, has added to the list of remarkable waterfalls, as its height is asserted to be greater than that of any other known. The perpendicular descent, according to careful observation, amounts to 750 feet, with a width during the rainy season of 100 yards. The water, after passing over the edge, preserves its consistency for only a short distance in the central portion, every where else being only a sheet of fine foam or spray, in appearance very much like snow. One interesting feature connected with this fall is the fact that the cavern behind it is the home of thousands of swallows, which issue from it in the morning and return in large flocks at night. The precise species to which these swallows belong is not indicated, and it is quite possible that they are actually swifts, and, therefore, belong to a very different family.

We are pleased to learn that Mr. **Janssen**, the eminent spectroscopist and astronomer, to whom we referred some time ago as having attempted to leave Paris in a balloon for the purpose of taking part in the observations of the recent eclipse, succeeded in his undertaking, and reached his destination in Algiers. He was, unfortunately, unable to accomplish much in consequence of the unfavorable weather.

Mr. **Gwyn Jeffries**, in a communication to the British Association relative to the late deep-sea exploring expedition of the *Porcupine* in the Bay of Biscay and along the Atlantic coast of Spain and Portugal, stated that at depths of about a thousand fathoms many species of mollusca were found in a living state, some of which had been previously regarded as fossil and extinct, and all of them occurring in the newer tertiaries of Sicily and Calabria; and he thought that a record of the fact might lead to the further discovery of the geological phenomena which had caused the fossilization of so many species in that limited area. Some of them inhabit northern and even arctic seas. The author suggests whether, in view of the wide distribution of many of the species of the deep-sea forms of European mollusca, they did not originate in the north, and spread southward in consequence of the great arctic current. He also inquires whether, since the pliocene division of the tertiary formation is found to contain scarcely any extinct species, and, in fact, the percentage being likely to be reduced to nothing by further explorers, that artificial division should not disappear entirely, and be merged in the quaternary, and the tertiaries be restricted to the eocene, miocene, and oligocene.

In the course of a subsequent communication Mr. **Jeffries** described a living *pentacrinus* obtained on the same cruise. The base of this was free, although embedded in the mud. The animal is interesting as being the first and only instance of a European species of this genus, which forms so important a link in the geological chain, and connects the mesozoic period with the present epoch.

Sir **Roderick Murchison** has lately offered to endow a chair of geology and mineralogy in the University of Edinburgh with the sum of $30,000, on the condition that the annual income be supplemented by a grant from Parliament. It is now stated that the government has acceded to the proposition, and that an appropriation of $1000 a year has been recommended.

The foreign journals received up to this time are provokingly meagre in their accounts of the eclipse of December 22. Most of the scientific papers of London, published a week after the occurrence in question, say nothing upon the subject, while *Nature* has but a very brief report. From this, however, we learn that "observations at Catania, under direction of Mr. **Lockyer**, were much interfered with by unfavorable weather, although substantial results were secured." Lord Lindsay reports from near Puerto, opposite Cadiz, that "a few good pictures of the corona were taken, but that the polariscopic observations were doubtful;" also that "the sky was more or less unfavorable for observation." At Oran the sun was entirely obscured during the period of totality.

Professor **Hall**, of the Washington Observatory party, reports to Commodore **Sands**, from Syracuse, that they had very tolerable success, the four contacts being pretty well observed, although the physical appearances were rendered somewhat doubtful by thin clouds covering the moon during the total eclipse. The protuberances were well seen, of a pale red color, though the clouds interfered with the observations of the corona.

No reports from Professor **Newcomb**'s party at Cadiz have yet been received at the Department. But as Lord Lindsay, in the same region, seems to have been quite successful, we trust that the American party had equally good fortune.

A member of the Coast Survey party at Catania reports satisfaction with the general results of observations in that neighborhood. A dense cloud covered the sun at the beginning of the eclipse; but just previous to the moment of total obscuration the clouds parted, and furnished an excellent view of the corona and of the whole totality. The observations tended to prove that the solar corona is a solar atmosphere extending about eight thousand miles above the usually visible surface of the sun. At the time of writing nothing had been heard from the Mount Etna parties. The British expedition had not been so fortunate as the American, the sun not being visible, at the critical time, to its parties.

According to Professor **Nordenskjold**, of Stockholm, an appreciable per cent. of platinum has been found to occur in the gold found during the past summer in Lapland.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

January 16.—In the Senate, a bill was passed to expedite the survey of private land claims.—In the House, a bill on ocean telegraphs was passed. It gives the conditions to which all ocean telegraph lines shall be subject, viz.: The government of the United States shall have equal privileges and control with other nations; citizens of the United States shall have the same privileges as the most favored; government dispatches shall have precedence; lines shall be kept open daily and dispatches forwarded in the order received; and a written acceptance of these conditions shall be given.

January 17.—In the Senate, a bill was introduced proposing an amendment of the Constitution, making every person eligible for President who may be thirty-five years of age and fourteen years a resident of the country. The House bill authorizing the additional issue of $500,000,000 of five per cent. bonds was concurred in.—In the House, the several appropriation bills were considered without action of any importance.

January 18.—In the Senate, a bill for the redemption of copper and nickel coins in sums of not less than $20 was passed. A long debate took place, without action, on a proposition introduced by Mr. Morton to investigate the alleged disorders and outrages in the South.—In the House, a bill was introduced and referred for the admission of Utah as a State, with an irrevocable provision in its constitution prohibiting plural marriages. A bill authorizing the sale of certain Indian lands was passed, with an amendment prohibiting contracts with Indians for a commission or compensation in effecting sales. The Legislative, Executive, and Judicial Appropriation bill was passed, the amendment increasing the salary of the Judges of the Supreme Court having been agreed to.

January 19.—In the Senate, a bill abolishing the ranks of Admiral and Vice-Admiral in the navy was passed, with an amendment continuing them until vacancies occur.—In the House, most of the session was occupied in debate, and no business of importance was done.

January 20.—In the Senate, a bill was introduced by Mr. Conkling incorporating the New York Port Tunnel Company with authority to tunnel the Hudson and East rivers, which was referred.—In the House, a proposition to amend the bill to provide a government for the District of Columbia, so as to permit women to vote, received 55 votes to 115 against it.

January 21.—Senate not in session.—The House met for general debate, but nothing of importance was said or done.

GENERAL DOMESTIC ITEMS.

In a suit brought at Richmond to recover the price of slaves sold in 1863, the defense is made that the negroes had been freed by the Emancipation Proclamation, and, therefore, that the sale was not lawful. The decision is looked for anxiously, as many cases of the same nature will be affected by it.

The steamer sent out to repair the broken ocean telegraph cables has been driven back to port, and it is thought the work can not be proceeded with till spring.

A slight earthquake shock was felt January 18 at Laconia and Lake Village, in New Hampshire. It did no damage.

Mr. Henry Burden, an eminent inventor and iron manufacturer of Troy, New York, dropped dead of heart disease on the 19th ult. He was eighty years of age.

The Virginia Senate, by a strict party division, on the 17th ult., voted $600 to purchase a portrait of the late Robert E. Lee, and by the same division refused an appropriation for a portrait of General Thomas.

The charges against Dr. Lanahan, of the Methodist Book Concern, have been withdrawn, and he has been reinstated in his position. A sub-committee has been appointed to inquire into the business of the Book Concern, its methods of book-keeping, etc., as compared with those of other business houses.

FOREIGN NEWS.

On Thursday, January 19, King William I. of Prussia was proclaimed Emperor of Germany, in the "Hall of Mirrors," at Versailles, in the presence of all the German princes and representatives of the regiments of the army. A grand military pageant took place in Versailles on the occasion of the event.

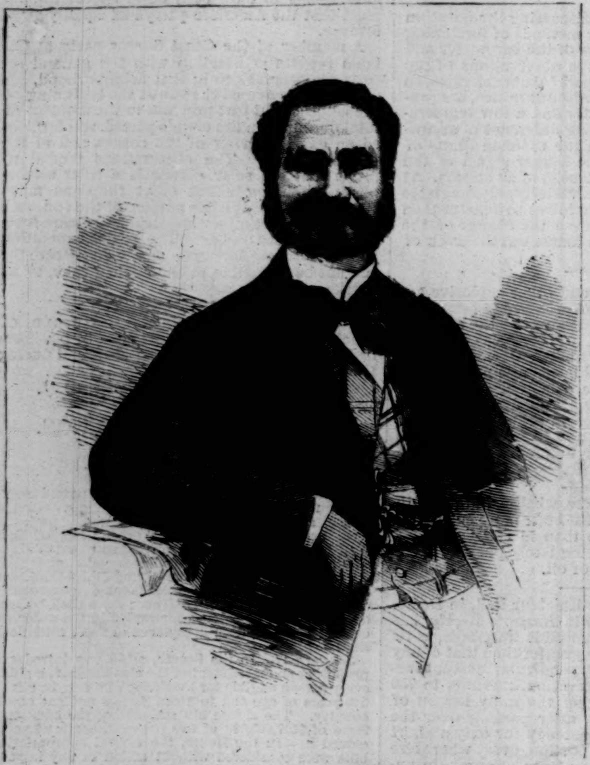
The siege of Paris continued at last accounts with unabated vigor, after a cessation of twenty-four hours, commencing January 19. Balloon reports to January 18 state that considerable damage had been caused by the bombardment to prominent buildings and points in Paris, but nothing of a very serious character had up to that time occurred. Several corn-mills had been injured by the shells of the enemy, and, consequently, supplies of meal were with extreme difficulty obtained. The deaths from the bombardment inside the city were estimated at fifteen per day.

On the 19th ult. General Trochu made a sortie from Paris, under cover of the fire of Fort Mont Valérien. The fighting continued until night. The German loss is said to have been inconsiderable, and the Emperor William telegraphs to Berlin, January 19, that the sortie was entirely resultless. He says, on the 20th, that the attacking party was in large force, and was still outside of Paris, and that a renewal of the attack was certain that day.

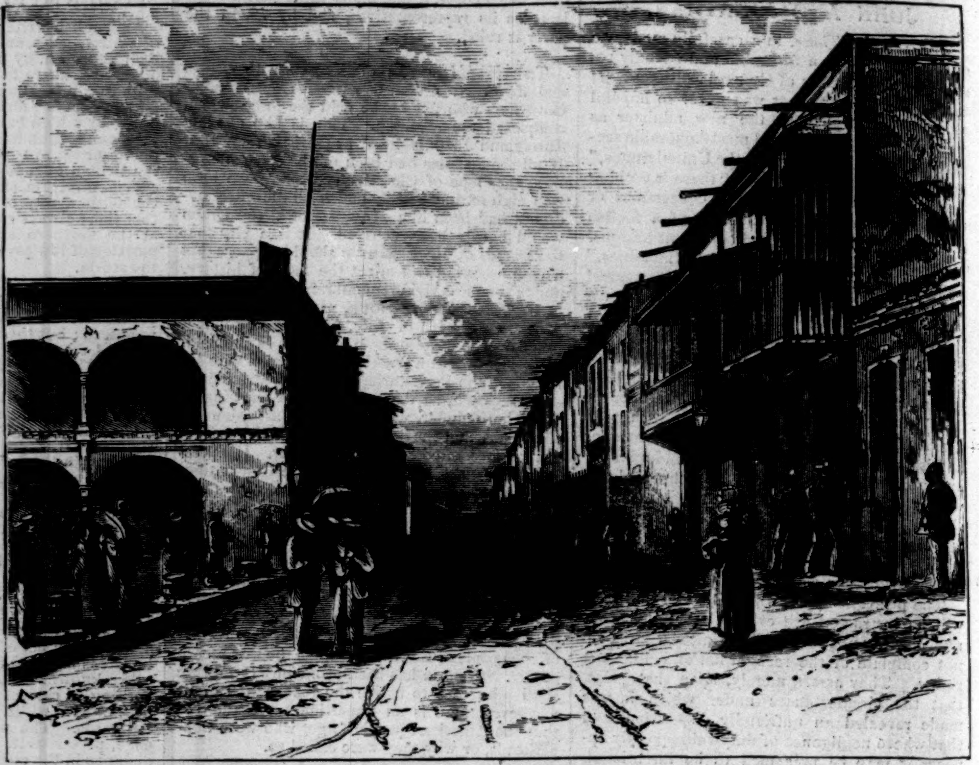
All the members of the diplomatic corps in Paris, except Mr. Washburne, recently applied for permission to pass through the Prussian lines, but were refused.

The military operations in other parts of France have been equally unfortunate for the French. General Bourbaki has utterly failed in his attempt to raise the siege of Belfort, and his army on the 21st ult. was in full retreat. On the 19th ult. General Faidherbe was driven from Beavois to St. Quentin, with the loss of 4000 prisoners and two guns. The following day he was compelled to retreat from St. Quentin. General Chanzy attributes his defeat and the evacuation of Le Mans to an inexplicable panic among some of the troops, and the loss of important positions, which compromised the safety of the entire army, and the failure to execute certain orders given by himself.

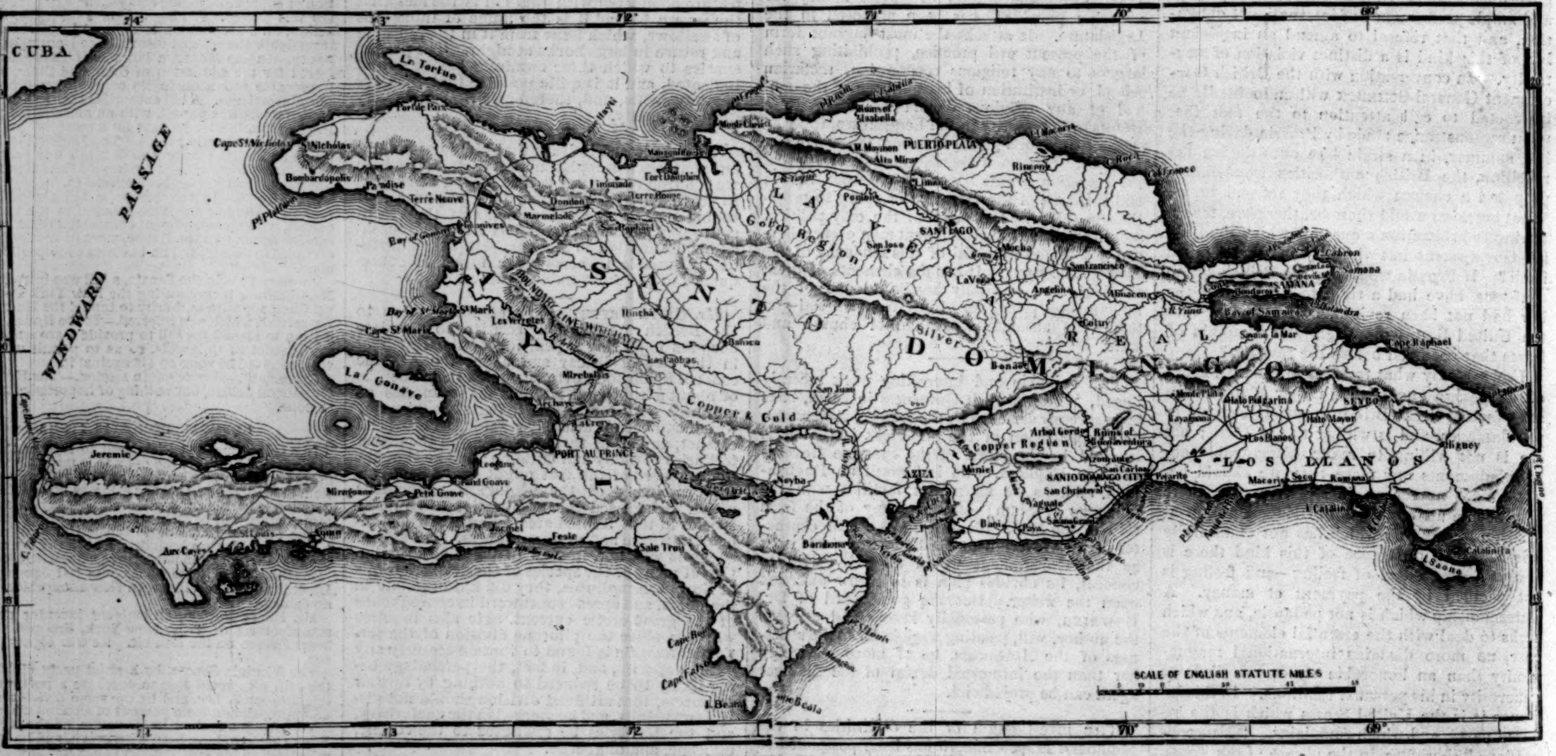
General Placido Vega attempted recently to get up a revolution in the northwestern states of Mexico. Failing in this enterprise, he is now hiding round in the mountains of Sinaloa, and watching his opportunity to escape to this country.



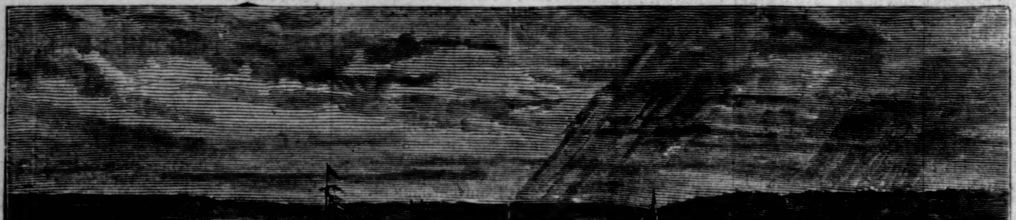
PRESIDENT BUENAVENTURA BAEZ.



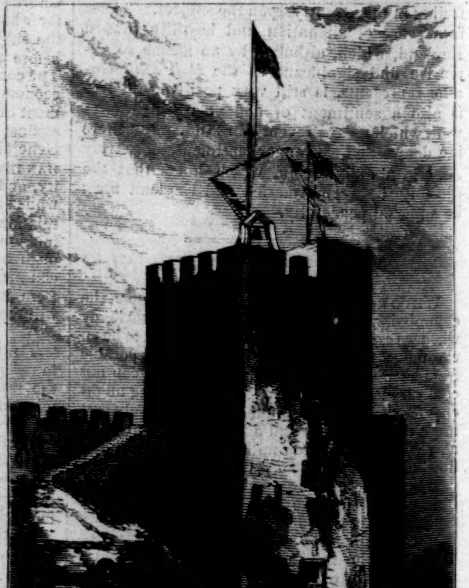
SAN DOMINGO CITY—SCENE IN ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL STREETS.


CUBA
WINDWARD PASSAGE
La Tortue
La Gonave
Cape St Nicholas
St Nicholas
Bombardopolis
Paradise
Terre Neuve
Port de Paix
Gonaives
Bay of Gonaives
Bay of St Mark
St Mark
Cape St Marc
Les Verretes
BOUNDARY LINE WITH HAYTI
Limonade
Terre Rouge
Dondon
Marmelade
San Raphael
Fort Dauphin
Monte Christi
Hincha
Mirebalais
Las Caobas
Archaye
PORT AU PRINCE
Jeremie
Miragoane
Petit Goave
Grand Goave
Leogane
St Louis
Aux Cayes
Jacmel
Sale Trou
Neyba
Cape Rojo
Cape Falso
I. Beata
SANTO DOMINGO
LA VEGA REAL
LOS LLANOS
Gold Region
Copper & Gold
Silver
Copper Region
Ruins of Isabella
PUERTO PLATA
Alta Mira
Limon
Ponton
SANTIAGO
San Jose
Mocha
La Vega
San Francisco
Angelina
Almacen
Cotuy
R. Yuna
Cape Cabron
SAMANA
Bay of Samana
Savana la Mar
Cape Raphael
Bonao
San Juan
AZUA
Baraona
Arbol Gordo
Ruins of Buenaventura
Maniel
Azomante
San Carlos
SANTO DOMINGO CITY
San Christoval
Yaguate
Bani
Monte Plata
Bayaguana
Hato Puerto Rico
SEYBO
Hato Mayor
Los Llanos
Higuey
Macoris
Soco
Romana
I. Catalina
Catalinita
I. Saona
SCALE OF ENGLISH STATUTE MILES
74°
73°
72°
71°
70°
69°
20
19
18

MAP OF THE ISLAND OF SAN DOMINGO.

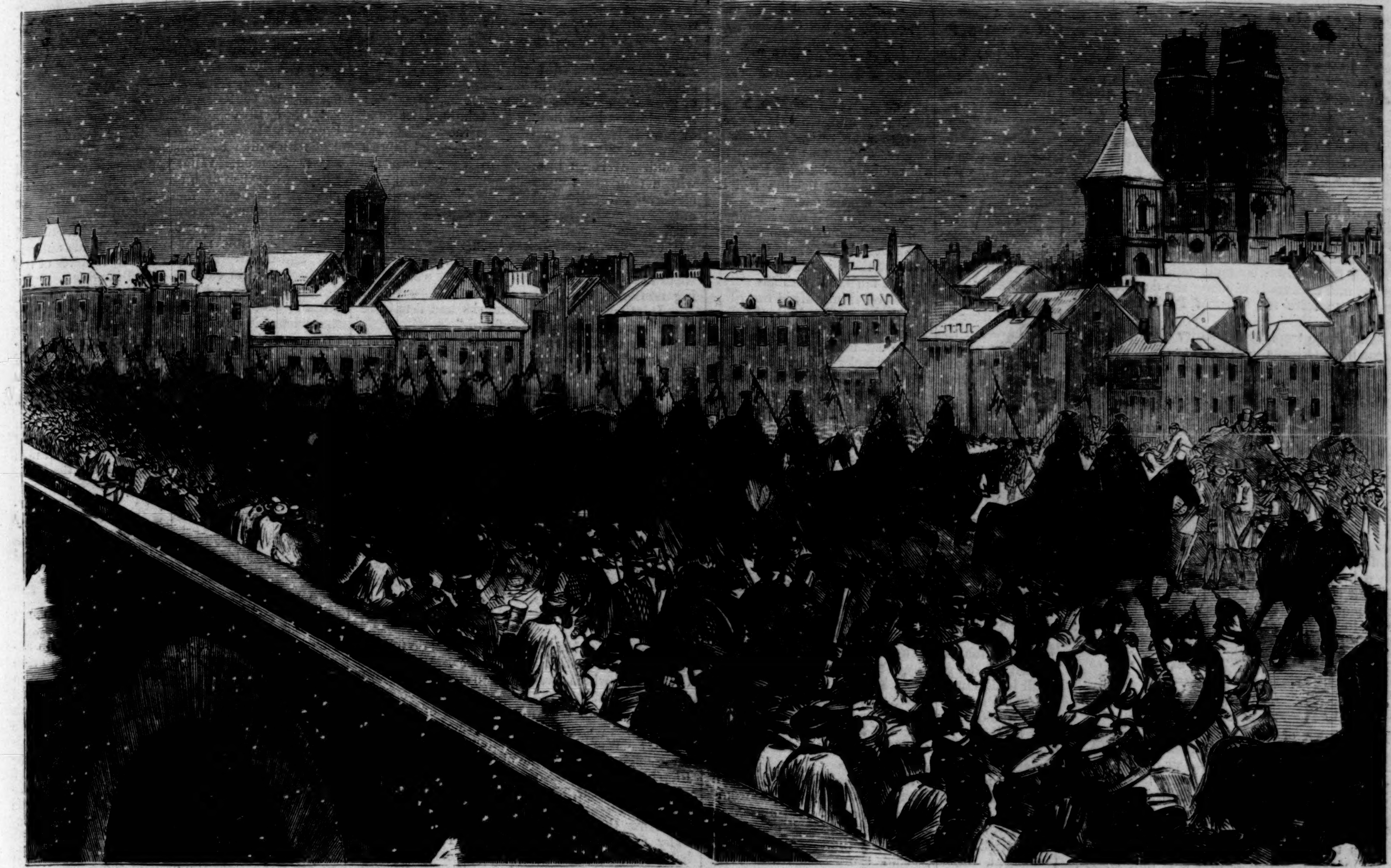


THE HARBOR AND FORTIFICATIONS OF SAN DOMINGO CITY.



THE CITADEL SIGNAL TOWER.

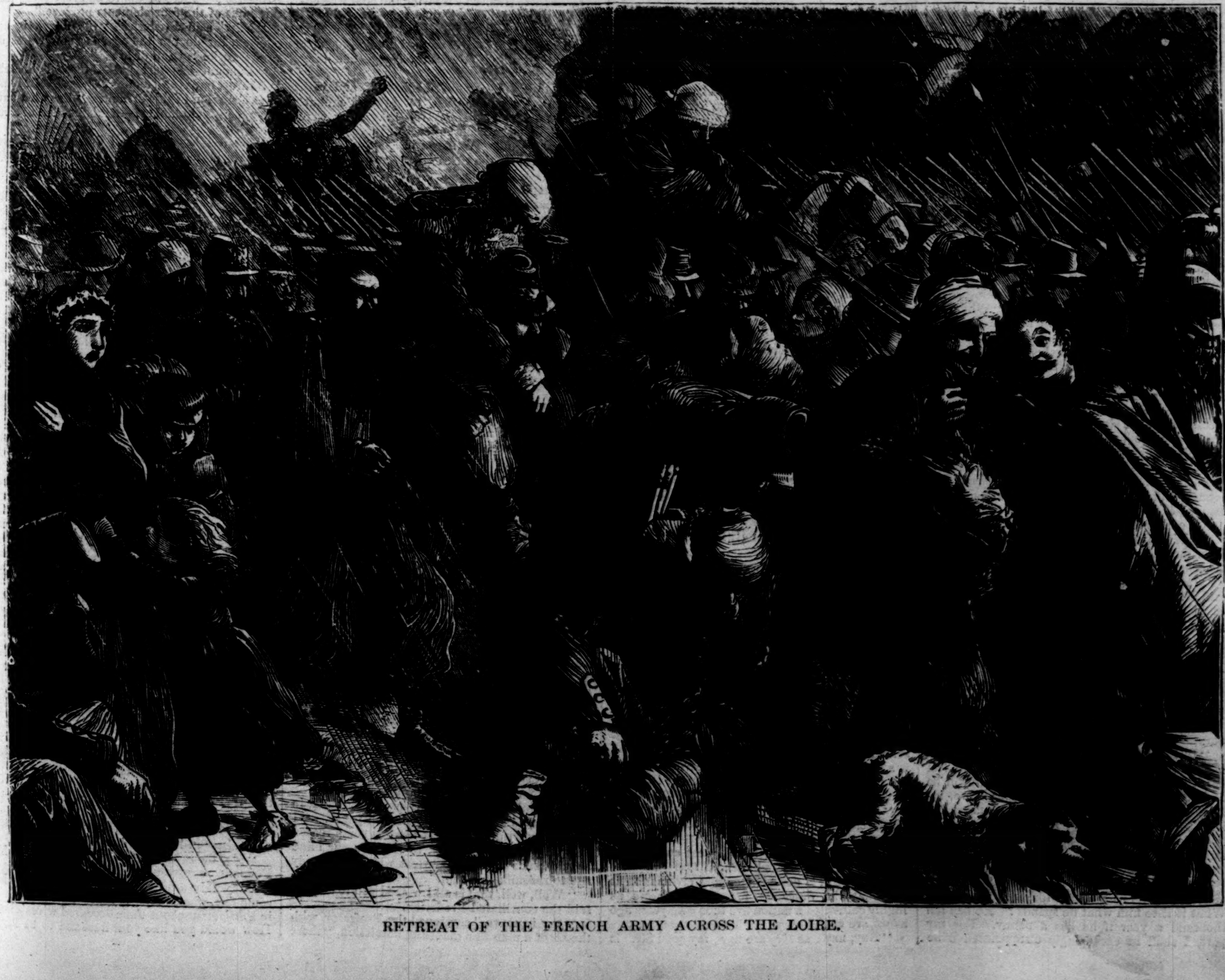
SCENES IN SAN DOMINGO, WITH A MAP OF THE ISLAND.—[SEE PAGE 103.]



THE GERMAN ARMY CROSSING THE LOIRE AT ORLEANS.

THE CAMPAIGN ON THE LOIRE.

The two sketches on this page illustrate the advance of the victorious Germans in the neighborhood of Orleans, when the French Army of the Loire fell back, and allowed the enemy to reoccupy that important city. It was on the 5th of December that, after a week's hard fighting, in the latter days of which the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg was relieved and supported by Prince **Frederick Charles** of Prussia, with a portion of the army from Metz, that the French commander, General **Aurelle des Paladines**, was forced to abandon the city before daylight, and the Prussian troops immediately entered it. They continued to pass through Orleans during several days, crossing the Loire by the fine stone bridge shown in the sketch, on their way to the road to Blois, down the left bank of the river, with a view to cutting off the remnant of the French army



RETREAT OF THE FRENCH ARMY ACROSS THE LOIRE.

from Tours. In the mean time, from the 7th to the 10th of December, the German right wing, under the Duke of Mecklenburg, was again opposed, on the right (or north) bank of the Loire, by a considerable force, which delayed its westward progress. The fighting was most obstinate at Freteval, Oucques, and Marchenoir; but the French resistance, though stoutly maintained, was finally overcome, and the Germans gained the town of Vendôme. In this position the right wing was threatened with an attack from General CHANZY, at Le Mans, to the northwest. A decisive battle has since been fought, in which the army of General CHANZY was defeated with great loss. Le Mans, a most important position, fell into the hands of the Germans, severing the French forces from communication with Cherbourg, and effectually averting the danger of an attempt to raise the siege of Paris from that quarter.

Among the trophies of victory claimed by the Germans at Orleans were seventy guns, and four small gun-boats, each mounted with one brass gun. These form the subject of the sketch on page 109. In these days of armor-plating and monster guns they do not look very formidable weapons; but if the sailors whom King WILLIAM has imported into France be intended to man them, it is to be presumed that he considers them useful.

An amusing incident is told of this recapture. A Bavarian officer, who quitted the city upon VON DER TANN's sudden retreat some weeks before, had told his host that he might not be back until late, and that the key had better be left in the door. Upon the re-entry of the Germans he went straight to his old quarters, and found, sure enough, the key in the door, and his host ready to receive him with a light and a witty greeting. "You are home earlier than I expected," said the Frenchman.

WON—NOT WOOED.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Bred in the Bone," etc., etc.

CHAPTER IX.

ONE OF FREDERICK'S "LITTLE WEAKNESSES."

It is the opinion of so many wise ladies who write in the newspapers that it is impossible to fix a too early date at which the thoughts of women first turn to matrimony that it would be arrogance to dispute it. The very corals which female babies use must be made, we are told, in the form of a ring, if the teeth are to be "brought through" with satisfaction to themselves; the first word they lisp is "hubby" (meaning husband), instead of mamma or papa. Still it is possible that the aspiration may be general rather than particular. It is surely not always absolutely personal. "Will he marry me?" is not the idea that instantly crosses a young girl's mind upon being introduced to one of the opposite sex. We protest, at all events, that Mabel Denham had never asked herself that question; and hence, perhaps, it was that when it was "put into her head" by the widow of Hillsborough, with respect to Horn Winthrop, it disturbed her so excessively.

"My dearest May, what is the matter?" inquired her sister, anxiously, as she gazed upon her flushed and agitated face. "Has that dreadful woman, of whom Mr. Winthrop has been telling us, said any thing rude?"

"I think, on the contrary, Mr. Winthrop was excessively rude to *her*," answered Mabel.

"Lor, my dear, impossible!" said Mrs. Marshall, excitedly. Her idea of rudeness, in the case of a Winthrop of Wapshot toward any female of such inferior social position, being comprised in a chuck under the chin. "Why, she must have been fifty, as I saw her through the window, if she was a day."

"He did not make love to her," explained the Professor, "but he trod on her toes."

"What a *very* strange thing for him to do!" observed Mrs. Marshall, gravely.

Mabel could not resist joining in the laughter occasioned by the simplicity of this remark, and, revived by the quick passage of the carriage through the air, soon became herself again.

Still her sister had seen enough to be convinced that something unpleasant had taken place in the cottage, and resolved to stop any further cross-examination upon that subject.

"We have lost our cavalier, Mabel," said she. "Mr. Winthrop is putting up his horse at the other inn, and is coming on in the dog-cart with his son."

"It really was very good of him, was it not," said Mrs. Marshall, "to think of our lunch? I could not imagine what he had sent back his groom for to Shingleton."

"It seemed to me that he would rather have seen his groom again than his son," observed Frederick, from the box.

"Now, don't be ungrateful, Fred," said Mrs. Pennant, administering a playful poke of her parasol to her husband.

"I don't eat lunch," observed he, dryly, "and am therefore under no obligation."

"But *I do*, you selfish creature, and so do Mrs. Marshall and May here. I am sure I feel much indebted to him; and how nice it will be to have it, like a picnic, on the sea-shore, instead of being shut up in one of those miserable inns."

"We shall have to ask him to dinner, or something, to get quits," grumbled Frederick.

"Oh, you stingy, vulgar man!" said Ju.

"Quits!" echoed Mrs. Marshall. "The idea of getting quits with a man like Mr. Winthrop! What is it to him what he spends? He has ten thousand a year if he has a penny. For my part, I shall be exceedingly disappointed if he does not give us Champagne. What is the use of these rich people, if they do not make others happy?"

"But my husband is a very proud man," whispered Mrs. Pennant, not without a touch of pride in her own tone.

"That is just like a man," returned Mrs. Marshall. "They will starve, and, what is worse, they will let their wives starve, rather than ask a favor, or put themselves under an obligation to any body. What is the harm of asking? And as for the obligation—well, you needn't feel it unless you like. *I* never do, for one."

"I'm hanged if I don't think it a great piece of impertinence, this fellow's bringing us out lunch!" exclaimed Frederick, his simmering indignation boiling over at these antagonistic sentiments. "Why, we've not known him twenty-four hours!—What do *you* think, Mr. Flint?"

"My dear Sir," said the Professor, laughing, "I have not thought about it at all; but I shall certainly not refuse to eat and drink, if there's any thing good. If you feel aggrieved at Winthrop's hospitality, it is easy to show your sense of the insult by never speaking to him again."

"Well, I've always heard you were a very clever man, Mr. Flint, and now I'm sure of it!" exclaimed Mrs. Marshall, admiringly. "There's not a lawyer in all England who could have put the thing in a more sensible and proper light.—I hear the noise of wheels behind us; that is the dog-cart, I do hope! When I don't get my luncheon I feel quite a-sinking.—It's a vulgar term, I know, my dear Mrs. Pennant, but there's nothing else expresses it; and I dare say you feel the same. My poor dear husband, who, however, seldom joked—because he had such a classical mind—used always to say that I carried a clock inside me, so far as meals were concerned." Mrs. Marshall's frankness, combined with her extreme earnestness of manner, was here too much for the gravity of the company; even the still indignant Frederick shook with laughter.

The Professor's face moved not a muscle; but you would have thought, to hear him rattle, that he also had a clock inside him, the works of which were neglected, and that it was striking twelve.

At this moment they reached the summit of a hill, immediately beneath which, at the extremity of a tongue of land, stood the light-house.

"By Jove! it's dead low-water," exclaimed Frederick. "What a way the tide goes out!"

"Yes, indeed," said the Professor. "The rise and fall here is greater than at any other part of the British coast, though not so great as in the Channel Islands. I have seen a mile and more of land laid bare there: you would think the sea was never coming back again. To the right yonder is Anemone Bay: that is quite a show-place for marine curiosities—a mermaid's garden."

"Oh, *do* let us go there!" said Mabel. "I have never seen an anemone, except in a *vivarium*; and it would be so nice to have Mr. Flint to explain it all to us!"

"It is too far, Miss Mabel," said the Professor, doubtfully; "and, besides, there is my cavern gaping for me. Have pity on my old bones!"

"Dear me, I forgot," said Mabel, archly. "It would be too cruel to ask you to leave them, of course—the Elephas Primogeniture and the Rhinoceros Ticklerinus."

Mr. Flint smiled—he really did. "You have got those Latin names I taught you so very exactly, dear Miss Mabel, that I can refuse you nothing. We will go to Anemone Bay."

"You spoil my sister, Professor," observed Mrs. Pennant.

"No, no," said he, gravely; "I am only rewarding her; she is very good at her lessons."

"Very," said Frederick, slyly, and with a wicked glance at the blushing girl; "she remembers all that is taught her.—Papa said you were to have an object in life; didn't he, May?"

It was really too bad of Frederick to say such things, and under Mr. Flint's very nose, as it were: certainly brothers-in-law are the most teasing and audacious of male relatives, though one sometimes can not help liking them. Fortunately for Mabel's embarrassment—"Why, there's another light-house!" exclaimed Mrs. Marshall at this moment.

"Come, come," said Frederick, once more full of fun and banter, "that is rather *too* much; we have not yet had Champagne lunch, without which it is impossible to see two light-houses."

"What an impudent man your husband is, Mrs. Pennant! Look yonder; am I not right?"

"That is the chimney of the gas-works which supply the capital town of Hillsborough," asserted Frederick, gravely.

"It can not be gas-works, because there is no smoke," replied Mrs. Marshall, decisively.—"Now what do you say, Professor?"

"You are right, madam, as to the light-house matter, although the Trinity House has no cognizance of the erection in question. That is a very ancient beacon—supposed to have been originally Danish; you can see a part of the iron cage still left at the top of it. In those two buildings we see the Alpha and Omega of science—the rude pharos and the perfected light-house."

"I am delighted to hear you allow that the moderns beat the ancients in something," observed Frederick; "for it seems to me that there is a general tendency among the learned to extol the past at the expense of the present in every thing."

"How so?" inquired the Professor, settling his spectacles upon his nose, as a soldier looks at his arms before action.

"Well, I have often heard great authorities, or what were considered such, at Oxford, assert that the world is not advancing in civilization at all—that the Japanese, for example, were as highly cultivated a nation five thousand years ago as we are now."

"Nay, nay: as *they* are now, my good Sir. It is certainly curious how early the arts and sciences sprang into existence among some nations, and then stopped altogether at a certain point. But no one contends that that is the case with our Western races. Japan is still in its childhood; and the chief wonder about it is that it has never grown up. Its artists produce bright colors; its architects build indifferent temples; its code of laws is ingenious as respects the variety and intense cruelty of its punishments—and there's an end. It is an intensely barbarous country, with a thin glaze upon it, indeed, made up of elaborate courtesies and dædalian vice, but which only a very superficial observer can mistake for civilization."

"I only repeat what has been told me by the learned," returned Frederick, shrugging his shoulders. "I felt all the time they were talking nonsense, though I could not refute them. But I am sure that their remarks had reference to ourselves—that is, to England."

"If so, my dear Sir, they were amusing themselves with that intellectual plaything called a paradox. Such ideas may be agreeable to a cynical nature; but they are worthless—they are nothing, as our Yankee cousins say, when they come to be fried."

"I am delighted to hear you say so, Professor. Now with respect to the ancient classics—the Latin and Greek which is whipped into us at school—would it be sacrilege to suggest that much of that owes its reputation to its exceeding age? Was not I made to swallow a great deal of rubbish—I don't speak of the dirt, but works which, if they had been written in plain English, would have been called 'poor stuff?'"

"Has Heaven no lightnings for this blasphemer!" ejaculated the Professor; but there was a sly look in his eye which encouraged Frederick to proceed.

"Now come, Mr. Flint," said he, "do tell me the truth, and it shall go no further. Were those Greek plays which I was made to struggle through at Oxford real master-pieces, such as have never been equaled, or only master-pieces of the period? Should we read them if they were *not* in Greek? Would they not suffer, in that case, the same neglect as—say the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher or Ben Jonson?"

"My dear Sir, no comparison can possibly be made."

"Now that is unworthy of you, Professor. Why not be frank with me? I entertain a hatred so intense against the Greek language, which has bored and worried me for fifteen years of my life without giving me the least gratification in return, that I should really like to have it mitigated. When I matriculated at your own college it was necessary to get up a work of the divine Plato's—the *Memorabilia* I think it was called. The great Socrates was portrayed in it asking an infinite number of dull questions—hair-splitting, refining, protracting, and reducing his adversaries to silence by wearing the poor wretches out. May I ask whether that was what is called the Socratic method, and if so, was it worth any thing? He seemed to me to have been the very high-priest of verbiage and king of old bores."

Here the Professor took his hat off, and with an injured air appealed to Mrs. Pennant. "Madam, I feel as if my few gray hairs were standing on end in consequence of these remarks of your husband. Will you be good enough to tell me if this is the case?"

"Don't mind him, Mr. Flint," said she.—"Frederick, how can you be so foolish as to go on in that way, abusing Greek and Latin, when you know it made dear papa so angry that he almost broke off our engagement!—You have no idea how they used to go on, Professor; it fairly made my blood run cold."

"Yes, for fear she should lose me," explained Frederick. "Poor dear Ju, I was her last chance! and yet the governor was so 'riled' by the way in which I spoke of Æschylus that he was reckless of consequences: not that I blame him. The ancient classics were the bridge that carried him over the river of adversity, and gave him his fellowship, and subsequently his living; and if it was not for the vested interests that are thus bound up with them, they would long ago have been reckoned at their true value."

"They *have* a value, then, have they?" inquired the Professor, winking in a highly reprehensible manner at his antagonist's wife.

"Of course they have," rejoined Frederick, with irritation; "they have very considerable merit, though not enough to make such a fuss about them: the respect that we pay to mere antiquity amounts to fetich worship. It is the same with your flint weapons and arrow-heads, and scratches of drawings found in caves. You are not content with saying, 'This is very creditable'—that is, considering the epoch at which they were accomplished, and the absence of tools to work with—but you must talk about their 'artistic beauty,' the 'flowing lines of form,' and I don't know what else. Why, it takes a very learned man indeed to prove that the bit of flint *is* a weapon, and the drawing not an accidental scratch. I have no patience with it at all."

"*That* much is evident, my dear Sir," said the Professor, warmly; "the rest of your assertion is not so easily to be admitted. Why, I will undertake to prove, Sir, even to *your* intelligence, that in every specimen"—and he produced his bag of precious relics—"which I have had the good fortune to secure to-day—"

Here Mabel hurriedly whispered something in the Professor's ear, which made him pause. "I don't deny," said he, "that there is some reason in what you say, Pennant, as respects our blind acquiescence in many matters which have only age to recommend them."

"Well, well, that is all I wished you to allow," said the conciliated Frederick.

"For instance," continued the Professor, with the air of a man who makes an admission, "there is that tangled skein of absurdities which we call English law: nothing but a superstitious veneration for mere age could have induced us to put up so long as we have done with its vain repetitions and ridiculous formulas; its paraphernalia of seals and parchments; its stupid jargon, so useless and yet so expensive—"

"Oh, excuse me, Professor," interrupted Mr. Frederick Pennant, vehemently; "this is a subject with which I have some claim to be personally acquainted. What you consider jargon and a useless expense are necessary safeguards: once you make law cheap and easy, and you will have a set of unprincipled and ignorant scoundrels"—In his excitement, the young barrister here turned for the first time right round upon his antagonist, and discovered that the four inmates of the carriage were in convulsions of laughter. "By Jove!" said he, with comical chagrin, "you've got a rise out of me, I confess, Professor. It was that wicked May there who put you up to it. She knows my little weaknesses better than any body—except my wife," he added, but not soon enough to prevent a shadow crossing Julia's brow. "Come; was it not Miss Mabel?"

"She did whisper me, 'Try him with law,'" said the Professor, laughing; but I had no idea that you would have gorged the bait, hook and all, in that fashion. How true it is that all men are conservatives at heart. But here's the light-house."

"Yes, and what is better," cried Mrs. Marshall, ecstatically, "here is the luncheon! Only look!"

CHAPTER X.

THE PICNIC.

The good lady who had last spoken was not without warrant for her enthusiasm. The dog-cart had reached the spot by a short-cut in advance of its companion carriage; and in a green hollow, over which the only trees that were to be seen in the landscape threw their grateful shade, a cloth had been spread, and covered with dainty viands. Mr. Winthrop and his son were standing by, ready to welcome the party to this impromptu feast, which really looked very attractive. The lobsters offered "a pretty bit of color," contrasted with the cool green of the salad which had just been made; and in a little stream which ran close by could be seen the shining tops of some Champagne bottles.

"My *dear* Mr. Winthrop," cried the old lady, as her eye caught the glint of these last, "what a nice man you are!"

Every body was moved to good-natured laughter.

"One has heard of making a sunshine in a shady place," observed Mrs. Pennant; "but you gentlemen have found a shade in the sunshine, and much more than a shade."

"It is indeed a magnificent spread!" said the Professor; "there seems to be every thing that three out of the four elements produce."

"Nay," said Frederick, "the fourth is not omitted, for do not the viands show traces of your favorite 'action of fire?'"

"Pennant has just been 'roasted' himself, Winthrop, and is still tender," observed Mr. Flint, in explanation of this assault. "But what have you got in that blanket?—a salamander, or a boa constrictor?"

"Well, I hope we shall find some table-ice still left in it," answered the host, modestly. "Horn says there was a hundred-weight at starting."

"Ice!" exclaimed Mrs. Marshall, ecstatically, at the same time settling herself down by the festive cloth—for board there was none. "Did I not say he was a nice man!"

This respectable old lady was not one of those grave deceivers who protest they don't care what they eat, or thank Heaven that they can eat any thing, but who are, nevertheless, so extraordinarily particular about the under-cut of the beef, or that bit of crackling of the pork, or the liver wing of the chicken. She liked her food, and was not ashamed to show it.

"Now, I call this most charming, my dear Mrs. Pennant!" whispered she, when, the ladies being seated, the gentlemen began to minister to them in the usual picnic fashion. "I confess I like to be well waited upon. I hope that 'the equality of the sexes,' which they are now making such a fuss about, may never come to pass in *my* time, at all events; for, of course, if there's equality, we shall be no more made much of. At present I am allowed by man to be a superior being, and I do not wish that notion to be done away with.—Yes, lobster, if you please, Professor.—Sherry and Seltzer; thank you, Mr. Horn; I hope it isn't mixed too strong.—Well, since you have made the salad yourself, Mr. Winthrop, I can't refuse.—Once establish an equality, my dear, and every man would be helping himself. The pretty young girls, such as May yonder (and only *do* look how they are all at her feet), might still secure a little attention; but as for old ladies like me, we should starve. (It's uncommonly difficult, let me tell you, even now, for a woman of my age to get exactly what she wants at a ball supper.) And yet they are all tolerably ancient damsels who are in favor of this reform. 'The Rights of women are the Lefts of men,' you know. I call it perfectly suicidal." (Pop, pop!) "How pleasant it sounds! There's certainly nothing like Champagne: the longer I live, the better I like it.—Now do come and sit down, Mr. Winthrop; I am sure you have slaved enough—that is, when you have given me just the smallest piece of ice. Champagne without ice is like kissing one's sister-in-law—it's insipid."

"My dear Mrs. Marshall," exclaimed Mrs. Pennant, reprovingly, "what an idea!"

"It will be a deal worse than an idea, my love, some day, when they get that wicked bill passed in Parliament about their deceased wives' sisters. How would you like your husband to be flirting in that way with May yonder—you don't mind it now, of course; but if you thought she might take your place when you were dead and gone? —Now do let us see you eat something yourself, Mr. Horn!—Not he; he's off to Miss Mabel."

Such was the rapidity of Mrs. Marshall's monologues, and so quickly did one topic succeed another therein, that she could not have reiterated one of her own speeches in proper order had her life depended upon it. Her remarks, even when they were sharp rejoinders, were forgotten by herself as soon as spoken (for she was totally free from malice); and, unlike the bee, which dies when it has left its sting, she often wounded others by her thoughtless talk without being aware that they had so much as received a scratch. She had no more idea that she had let fly a poisoned arrow at Mrs. Pennant in the words "flirting in that way with May yonder" than that she had thrown the salad bowl at her head; and yet she had wounded her to the quick. Frederick's thoughtless speech a while ago, "there is nobody knows my weaknesses like May," with its too tardy supplement, "except my wife," was not forgotten; and this reference to his pleasure in the young girl's society galled the still tender spot. All women are madly jealous; there needs no cause to drive the wisest of them frantic with suspicion of the man they love: a smile, a look, a whisper, addressed by him to another—though old enough to be his mother, or (still worse) young enough to be his grand-daughter—will set their souls aflame like sparks to tinder. In such a case they lose all belief in the probity of man, and, we had almost added, the virtue of woman. To do Mrs. Pennant justice, however, she well knew that her sister was wholly innocent of wishing to divert from her the affection of her husband; but she was scarcely less angry to think that she had involuntarily done so. What did he mean, the beloved wretch, by her "knowing his weaknesses?" What business had he to let her know them? And what right had he now to desert his wife—his bride—by whose side his place should be, in order to hover about Mabel in that way? Her face was calm as she looked at them, but her bosom was a volcano in action; her appetite was gone; the cold lamb upon her plate might have been veal for all she knew, if it had not been for the mint sauce which the provident Mr. Winthrop had allotted to it from a little bottle.

"Well, Ju, and how are *you* getting on?" was the sprightly inquiry of the unconscious Fred, as he seated himself at last beside her, plate in lap. "Isn't this jolly?"

"I am glad you find it so," was the rejoinder. —"No, I thank you; I don't require ice."

Frederick saw that she did not. He had been too recently a lover not to recognize the indications of a tiff: the course of true love never ran without them. Unfortunately for the present need, he took a humorous view of her irritation. "Mr. Winthrop has given us silver plate, I hope!"

"I believe so; you can see for yourself."

"That's well. I was afraid, my dear, that you had been taking your mint sauce with a steel fork; that makes people a little cross sometimes."

"I have very good reason to be cross, Sir."

"Because there is no looking-glass to show to you your own handsome face!" was the astute reply. "Come with me to the brook (Mrs. Marshall wants another bottle of Champagne opened), and then you'll see it. I never saw you looking half so charming. Come, give me a smile, Ju."

"I can not dissimulate like you, Frederick."

Here intervened the host with a courteous question.

"I have done admirably, Mr. Winthrop, thank you, and was never more delighted with a picnic. I was just saying to my husband how charmingly every thing had gone off."

"They are all going to Anemone Bay, Ju; I'll stop with you, if you please, and sit on the shore. I'd *rather* stop with you," whispered the wily Frederick.

"If you *really* would, Frederick, of course I should prefer it. But I can hardly think you are in earnest. Leaving me all alone."

"Why, you had the Professor."

"The Professor! What did I care for him? There were plenty to look after Mabel, I am sure, without you."

"My dear Ju, that was the very reason why I went. Those fellows were enough to turn the poor child's head; of course they mean nothing serious, but she might easily misunderstand their attentions. While she is staying with us I feel, as we lawyers say, *in loco parentis*—in the place of her father. This Winthrop is an old flirt, and his son an impudent puppy."

"Hush, hush! If that is why you left me, I forgive you; but don't do it again. May is not a fool, and quite old enough to take care of herself."

"She always seems to me such a mere child," was the careless reply of the judicious Frederick; "but you ought to know best, my dear. They are moving to the light-house; take my arm, and I will carry your shawl."

It was not the prick of conscience that caused Mr. Frederick Pennant to form a diagnosis so accurate of the state of his wife's mind, and to apply so sovereign a remedy; he thought no more harm of amusing himself with his sister-in-law than he professed to think; but he was one of those who, though possessed but of moderate ability in other respects, are socially very intelligent, and he had seen where the shoe pinched at a glance. A less sagacious man would have reasoned with his wife; a less good-tempered one would have "had it out with her," if not then, as soon as occasion served; but Mr. Pennant preferred to make all smooth in the manner we have seen. He had been always a favorite with women, and imagined that he understood them thoroughly; but he had a good deal to learn respecting those interesting and attractive creatures yet.

As for Mabel, Frederick had told nothing more than the truth when he said that she had had attention enough paid to her by their host and his son sufficient to turn the head of a less sensible girl. Mr. Winthrop, of course, had been obliged to give some of his time to his other guests, but Horn had been her slave throughout the repast. Never had the offices of cavalier and waiter been more assiduously combined than in his person; it was not his fault that he was less dextrous than diligent, but his compliments, to say truth, were clumsy; and, unable to open the Champagne bottles, he cut their necks off, in rather a savage fashion, with a blow of his knife. When a difficulty of this sort occurred a quick ear might have caught another sound besides the crashing of glass: this was Mr. Horn Winthrop swearing at the bottle under his breath. As the wine flowed, his attentions redoubled, and his tongue was loosened. He informed Mabel that it had been his father's cruel design to exile him from the company that day, but that the groom's return to the hotel had given him the opportunity of joining it. "I wouldn't have missed it," whispered he, "upon my soul, for all the world."

May endeavored to look as if this remark had no personal reference to herself; and, feeling that she was called upon to say something, inquired why Mr. Winthrop should have wished to deprive him of the day's pleasure.

"Because I make him look old," was the frank reply. "He does not mind going with me among strangers, because he thinks we are as like as not to be taken for brothers. However, whenever I have the chance, I always make a point of calling him father."

"But that's very unkind of you," said Mabel. "Many persons object to being thought old; and certainly your father does not look his age."

"Well, he's not a chicken, so you needn't think it," observed the young man, confidentially. "He wouldn't take off his hat, like the Professor yonder, for fifty pounds, or if it was ten times as hot, just because it would show how bald he was getting."

"But what would be the harm of that?" inquired Mabel, amused in spite of herself.

"Oh, I'm sure I don't know," said Horn, with a short, dry laugh. "All I know is that when he came down to see me at Aldershot the other day, he sat without his hat in the mess veranda; perhaps that was because there were no young ladies to look at him. Well, every body's done, so I suppose I must not eat any more. We are going to the light-house, it seems; though I fancy the governor won't much like mounting up so many steps directly after his lunch. May I offer you my arm?"

Mabel had no alternative but to accept it; and, under the very nose of his father, who was hurrying up with the same offer evidently on his lips, Mr. Horn marched off with his prize.

"Just look at that!" whispered Mrs. Marshall to Mrs. Pennant, drawing her attention to the couple in question: "upon my word, the young gentleman is making play. I shouldn't wonder if there was a popping of something else than corks before the day's out. What a good thing it would be for your sister, to be sure!"

SAN DOMINGO.

Much interest has been felt, both by politicians and men of science, in regard to the commission appointed by the President, under the recent resolution of Congress, for the purpose of securing reliable information in regard to San Domingo. As is well known, the commissioners appointed consist of Hon. B. F. Wade, of Ohio; President White, of Cornell University; and Dr. S. G. Howe, of Boston. These gentlemen, recognizing the propriety of securing the services of persons competent to collect information in regard to the natural and physical character of the country, for which their own studies had not qualified them, have taken Professor William P. Blake as principal geologist, with Professor Henry A. Ward, of Rochester, as assistant. Dr. Newcomb, of Cornell University, acts as zoologist; and Dr. C. C. Parry, of the United States Agricultural Department, as botanist; and it is likely that other savans may be embraced in the party. The secretary of the commission is the Hon. A. Burton, of Kentucky, a gentleman whose long residence as United States minister at Colombia, and whose thorough knowledge of the Spanish language, amply qualify him for the post. Professor Crane, of Cornell, accompanies President White as his private secretary. The press is well represented by a large number of persons; and delegates from some of the State agricultural societies and other bodies will also take part in the expedition. The United States steamer *Tennessee*, under the command of Captain Temple, was fitted out expressly for the purpose of conveying the party, and it is thought possible that a second steamer may also be detailed.

On page 100 will be found a map of the island, with sketches of its scenery and architectural features. The Dominican republic comprises over one-half of the island, sometimes designated as Hayti, and controls about 17,000 square miles, divided into five departments, which are subdivided into communes. The departments are called San Domingo (which contains the capital), Azua de Compostela, Seybo, Santiago de los Caballeros, and Concepcion de la Vega, the whole containing a population estimated at 136,000 souls, or about eighty persons to the square mile.

San Domingo abounds in valuable natural resources. The soil is remarkably fertile, producing every thing grown in the tropics, and the climate is more salubrious than that of any of the other West India Islands. Gold and silver abound in the country, and iron, lead, and other minerals are said to be plentiful. The mountain ranges, where the mineral treasures chiefly abound, attain an elevation of 6000 and 8000 feet above the sea level, and are covered with magnificent tropical forests. In these high regions the climate is said to rival that of Southern Italy. Writing from Port-au-Prince in 1848, Lieutenant Porter, who made the tour of the island, said of the country:

> "In many of the provinces through which I have passed the country may be said to be almost in the same state as it was when Columbus first discovered the island, and in these places the population can not be said to be much superior in intellect to the unpolished Indians who were the first possessors of the soil, although they have many of the same traits of character by which those unhappy people were distinguished, and that are so much to be admired. The remembrance of some places through which I have traveled appears to me like a beautiful dream, and no one who has not seen can form the slightest idea of what nature can be, arrayed in all the beauty of hills and dales, rocks and waterfalls, and mountains piled up one upon another in such beautiful and fantastic shapes that the mind is completely bewildered by the majesty of scenery it could never have dreamed of.... For those who have the ambition to labor, the soil is overflowing with wealth, the hill-sides are full of the richest minerals, and they have only to gather in the gifts which nature has placed at their disposal. There is scarcely a spot over which I have passed—excepting about two hundred miles along the sea-shore on the south side—where the most fastidious would not be happy to rest himself forever, with full security that he could never be without the necessaries, and could always have at hand the comforts of life. It all seems like a land of poetry and flowers, and more fit for the abode of the guileless people first found there than of the avaricious race who worked them to death in pursuit of the wealth which the Indians alone despised."

The city of San Domingo, the capital of the country, is situated on the south side of the island, and contains about ten thousand inhabitants. It is the principal sea-port, although Porto Plata and Samana and Santiago de los Caballeros are splendid ports, and, if the republic was in a prosperous condition, would carry on an extensive trade. Another town in the interior, called Azua, is memorable as the place where Hernando Cortéz lived, pursuing the business of a public notary. The other towns worthy of mention are Concepcion de la Vega, near where Columbus built Fort Concepcion, and Santo Cerro, where he erected a cross. Of the other centres of population, Higuey, Seybo, San Juan de Maguana, Neybo, Bani, San Cristoval, Bayaguana, Monte Plata, Cotuy, and Boya are the only ones deserving notice. Boya was the place of refuge of Henriquillo, the last of the Haytien caciques. Charles V. of Spain permitted him to retire thither with the remnant of his people.

San Domingo was a dependency of Spain till 1795, when the entire island was ceded to France. In 1808 it again passed into the hands of Spain; but in the following year the people revolted, and declared their independence. For upward of fourteen years afterward San Domingo was a prey to civil strife. In 1823, however, the entire island was united under a republican form of government, and Boyer, at that time ruler of Hayti, was chosen President for life. Twenty-two years of comparative quiet followed, and had this interval been employed in developing the resources of the country, San Domingo would have become thickly populated and prosperous.

In 1844 a revolution in Hayti elevated Rivière to the Presidency. The Dominicans revolted against his rule, and after a sharp struggle acquired independence. It would be tedious to recount the repeated attempts made by Soulouque, the negro emperor of Hayti, to recover control of the Dominican republic, and the long struggle between Santana and Baez. At the present time Buenaventura Baez, whose portrait is given on page 100, is President.

The *Tennessee*, with the United States commission on board, sailed from New York on the 17th of January. The scientific, as well as the political community, will look with much interest to the results of this expedition; and in view of the judicious selections which have been made of specialists, there is general regret that the time of absence is likely to be short, although the precise period of their return has, we believe, not been determined upon.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Topsawyer, a Boston commercial hub, went into a New York bank with a check. The teller didn't know him, and wouldn't honor it. Topsawyer went in a rage to get somebody to identify him. Fortunately he met Galloons, who knew him. So back they went. "Mr. Teller," said Top, "allow me to make you acquainted with Mr. Galloons—firm of John Galloons, of Murray Street." "How do you do, Sir?" said the teller. "This is all right," said Galloons, pompously. "This is Mr. Topsawyer, of Boston, and I know him." "That may be, Sir," said the teller to Galloons, "but I don't know *you*." "Wha-wa-what!" said Topsawyer, boiling over at the second refusal, "don't you know him? What do you mean by that? Haven't I just introduced you?"

House Decorations—Women.

"Bob, where's the State of Matrimony?" "It is one of the United States. It is bounded by hugging and kissing on one side, and cradles and babies on the other. Its chief products are population, broomsticks, and staying out late o' nights. It was discovered by Adam and Eve while trying to find a northwest passage out of Paradise. The climate is sultry till you pass the tropics of housekeeping, when squally weather commonly sets in with such power as to keep all hands as cool as cucumbers. For the principal roads leading to this interesting State, consult the first pair of blue eyes you run against."

The Language of Flowers—"Well, I'm blowed."

An unmarried friend declared to us the other day, with an expression of countenance most lugubrious, "I never cared a farthing about getting married until I attended an old bachelor's funeral."

Why talk of fireside circles any longer when they are stove?

Old Moneybags says that a girl with an income of three thousand dollars a year or more is always an object of interest, because she has so much principal.

What is the difference between an auction and sea-sickness?—One is the sale of effects, the other the effects of a sail. And why do physicians have a greater horror of the sea than any body else?—Because they are more liable to *see sickness*.

Infallible Wisdom.—The Pope, on being asked what part of Rome his Holiness intended keeping, replied, "Vat-i-can."

"Boy, why did you take those shingles last Sunday?" "Because, mother needed some kindling-wood, and I didn't want to split wood on Sunday."

A man in Michigan swapped his horse for a wife. An old bachelor acquaintance said he'd bet there was something wrong with the horse, or its owner would never have fooled it away in that reckless manner.

An Irishman, upon seeing a squirrel shot from a tree, said: "Faith, and that's a waste of powder. The fall itself would have killed the squirrel."

Divorce traveling suits are said to be the latest novelties in Indiana.

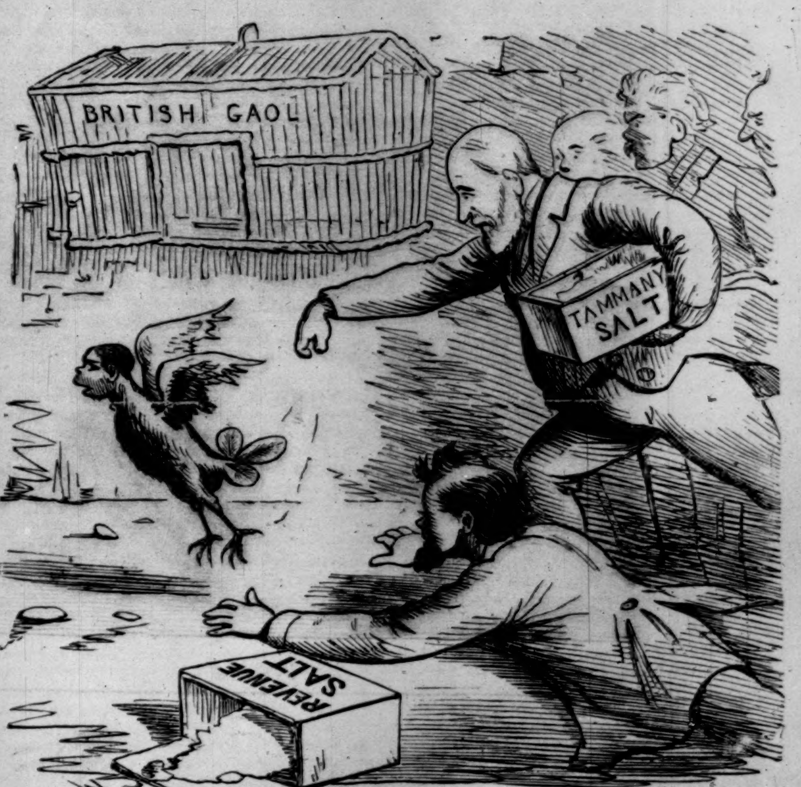
A Galvestonian, whose hennery has been robbed of five Brahmas, requests the thief to call and "take away the rooster, as he is very lonely, and no questions will be asked."

An original neighbor of old Rip Van Winkle was said to be so lazy that when he went to hoe corn he worked so slowly that the shade of his broad-brimmed hat killed the plants.

"I declare," said an old lady, reverting to the promise made on her marriage day by her liege lord, "I shall never forget when Obadiah put the nuptial ring on my finger, and said: 'With my worldly goods I thee endow.' He used to keep a dry-goods store then, and I thought he was going to give me the whole there was in it. I was young and simple, and did not know till afterward that it meant one calico gown a year."

To Young Ladies.—Keep your eyes wide open before marriage, but half shut afterward.

An Eastern paper, in a fit of revolutionary enthusiasm, says, "Hurrah for the girls of '76!" "Thunder!" cried a New Jersey paper. "That's too darned old! No, no! Hurrah for the girls of 17!"



New York Politicians trying to put Salt on the Tail of the Fenian Bird.

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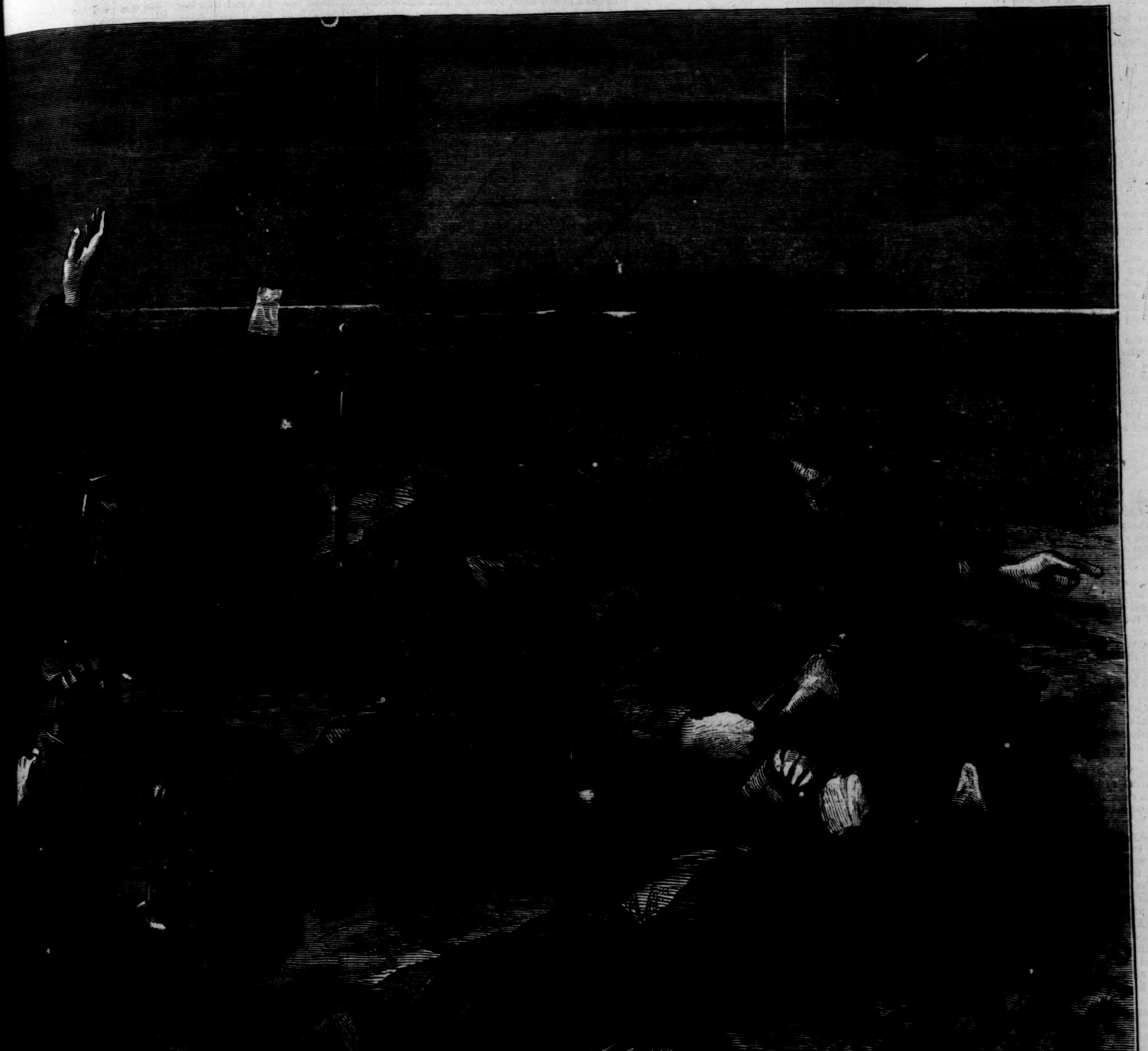
THE CREST OF A HILL BETWEEN CHAM VILL



E I BIVOUAC.

CHAM VILLIERS, ON THE NIGHT OF DECEMBER 5, 1870.

THE PRAYER OF THE ROMANS.

Not done, but near its ending,
Is the work that our eyes desired;
Not yet fulfilled, but near the goal,
Is the hope that our worn hearts fired.
And on the Alban Mountains,
Where the blushes of dawn increase,
We see the flash of the beautiful feet
Of Freedom and of Peace!

How long were our fond dreams baffled!—
Novara's sad mischance,
The Kaiser's sword and fetter-lock,
And the traitor-stab of France;
Till at last came glorious Venice,
In storm and tempest home;
And now God maddens the greedy kings,
And gives to her people Rome.

Lame Lion of Caprera!
Red-shirts of the lost campaigns!
Not idly shed was the costly blood
You poured from generous veins.
For the shame of Aspromonte,
And the stain of Mentana's sod,
But forged the curse of kings that sprang
From your breaking hearts to God!

We lift our souls to Thee, O Lord
Of Liberty and of Light!
Let not earth's kings pollute the work
That was done in their despite;
Let not Thy light be darkened
In the shade of a sordid crown,
Nor the Piedmont swine devour the fruit
Thou shook'st with an earthquake down!

Let the People come to their birth-right,
And crozier and crown pass away
Like phantasms that flit o'er the marshes
At the glance of the clean, white day.
And then from the lava of Ætna
To the ice of the Alps let there be
One freedom, one faith without fetters,
One republic in Italy free!

JOHN HAY.

CHARLIE BENSON.

AN old merchantman lumbered along far out in the China Sea, and a sailor leaned over the bulwark and sang:

"Do you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt,
Sweet Alice, with hair so brown?
Who wept with delight when you gave her a smile,
And trembled with fear at your frown?"

Perhaps it was that the sailor knew no more of the song, or some tender memory of his own prevented him from finishing the melancholy part of the verse; at all events, he kept to the first four lines, and the captain was grateful to him, very grateful. Jack got an extra glass of grog that night, and a kindly word and smile from Captain Benson. Not long after Jack was snoring in his bunk the captain walked to and fro upon the deck, and thought of sweet Alice, always keeping that grim idea of the church-yard out of his thoughts. How could the ideal of sweetness and bloom be associated with the slab of granite so gray!

Still he shuddered a little, and drew his arms more tightly across his brawny breast, and felt a chill strike to his heart, although the air blew hot as a simoom, the sea shone like an emerald, and phosphorescent lights reflected themselves on the heavy black hull of the ship. Sweet Alice! Ay, how sweet, that she should have separated two brothers, who were alone in the world, and all in all to each other, until, for love of her, they became like Abel and Cain!

But it was foul play—yes, and unbrotherly—to hatch up a plan to get rid of him for a day, and to press the girl for an answer while he was gone—Alice was so gentle and timid. A hot flush rose to the captain's brow when he thought of all that had passed, and he pitied again the poor lad that had crept away from the old homestead, with a bursting heart, and never returned—not for eighteen years—but then, eighteen years! That was a long time, and the captain's brow grew cool again; after all, the lad had buffeted his way in the world, and had not been utterly miserable; and now he was a hale, hearty captain, with not the least hint of a broken heart about him. Eighteen years had cooled the fervor of his love and hate, and he felt that he could kiss the white brow of sweet Alice, and clasp brother Bob's hand with fraternal warmth; and, by George! he would go home that very trip—he would go home, and stay perhaps. This sending of crape shawls, and work-boxes, and Japanese puzzles, had been kept up long enough; he would take himself home now, and would stop on the way and get lots of toys for the children—Bob's children and hers! There must be a houseful by this time, although not one line or word had been exchanged for eighteen years; but, then, of course, there were children, plenty of them—and the old ship lumbered on.

How hot the sun was that day at Bambury! The very dogs blinked and drooped their ears, lolling out their tongues, and panting desperately.

In the lower part of the village, quite out of the fashionable range of travel, there stood a little old tumble-down house, with a little old tumble-down kitchen at the side, and an old tumble-down grape-arbor at the back, under which grape-arbor a young girl busied herself arranging and adorning a table for three. How she flitted from the kitchen to the arbor, like a butterfly, or a bit of thistle-down, or any other flitting piece of loveliness! For in spite of her calico dress, which I am sorry to say was a little torn out at the gathers, and a sun-bonnet flopping from the back of her head, that would have made any other girl look ugly, and a rivulet of perspiration rolling from her straight little nose, and making a pool in the delicious little curve of her upper lip—in spite of all this, the young girl was Charlie Benson, and loveliness and Charlie Benson were synonymous terms; besides, the sun-bonnet flopped so far back that one could see the ripple of her hair and her fair low brow.

"Oh, how hot you are, Charlie!" cried a voice from the lane; and a young rustic, stalwart and lithe, and brown as a berry, leaped over the fence and approached the arbor. "Now, why not eat in the kitchen? it's such a toil, lugging every thing out here."

"But then it's so nice, Joe," rejoined the maiden; "we can hear the birds sing, and I've got a great bunch of flowers for the table; and it's mother's birthday, you know."

That was Charlie Benson all over, with her indefatigable toiling in behalf of the artistic and beautiful. Half an hour later she stood in the kitchen doorway, with a pretty clean calico on, and a ribbon about her hair; and nothing would do but Joe must wear his coat.

"It's awful hot," groaned Joe.

"It won't be hot out there," replied Charlie; "and now I'll run in for mother. When I call, you come, and we'll help her out to the table. I've got her hair braided, and she looks pretty as an angel."

But Charlie did not come very soon, nor call, and Joe felt that his back was roasting, and had slyly slipped one arm from his coat; but he put it back again with a start when Charlie stood at his elbow.

"It's no use, Joe; she's afraid of ear-wigs."

"Ear-wigs!" echoed Joe.

"Yes; and all my trouble is for nothing."

"Nonsense," said Joe. "Have you coaxed her?"

"I hate to, Joe, if she's afraid. You know she never refuses any body any thing."

"I wish somebody was more like her," said Joe.

"I wish you wouldn't stand there and talk; let's get the things in again."

Alas! in dragging the table back to the kitchen, a brier caught Charlie in a fond embrace; and so reluctantly did it relinquish its grasp that, in spite of Joe's care, a great rent was made in the clean calico.

"There now; how stupid you are, Joe! I'm just sorry I tried to make things nice;" and the hot tears sprang to Charlie's eyes. Just at that moment young Wayne came galloping along, and took off his hat with a sweep to poor Charlie, who colored to the roots of her hair, but returned the bow gracefully enough.

"To think of his seeing me in such a plight!" said Charlie.

"He's no better than any one else, if he is the judge's son," said Joe; "and if he wasn't a fool, he wouldn't drive a horse that way on a day like this."

"He has plenty of horses," said Charlie.

"Yes; but his father'd raise Old Nick if he saw one of 'em in a lather like that."

Charlie shrugged her pretty shoulders disdainfully, and busied herself in arranging her mother's dinner.

"I wish we were able to have something nice for her," said Charlie. "I wish we were rich."

"That's what I call downright ingratitude, Charlie," said Joe. "Nothing could be nicer for any one sick than a piece of this chicken."

"Oh, I know," she replied; "I'm a hateful, ill-tempered wretch. But—but I'm so tired, Joe!"

"Never mind, Charlie; every thing 'll be right one of these days."

"When our ship comes in, Joe."

Meanwhile the ship went lumbering on; but it took a long while for the captain to settle up his affairs, and he hesitated greatly over giving up his roving life, once in a while feeling like sheering off again, seaward. But he found himself one evening in March at the station at Bambury, and looked about him in wonder; there was scarcely a landmark that he could remember at first, and he felt more lost than when he had been in mid-ocean. The captain poked with his stick among some furze bushes that grew at his feet, and all at once a little pewee set up its pipe; it was a melancholy whistle enough, but it seemed cheerful to the captain; he shook himself in his great-coat, like a Newfoundland dog, and started on his way. Then the friendly pewee, fearing the captain had not quite understood the refrain, sounded a more melancholy note; but still the captain jogged along cheerily. The little bird leaped from limb to limb, following the traveler upon his way, and piping more and more mournfully; but as the captain reached a strip of wood that he remembered well, he commenced whistling aloud, so that the pewee's song was completely lost, and the bird flew away pityingly. He remembered the strip of wood well; many and many a time he and Bob had been nutting there; and although many trees were cut down, and the wood was not what it had been, he vowed to himself that Bob and he would go nutting there again that very fall—Bob and Alice and he and the children, for whom in yonder town was a great chest of toys. The captain chuckled when he thought over all the funny gifts in that old chest, and walked more briskly along. There would be a fire on the hearth a night like this; and coming, as he had, fresh from the flower-ships and the tinseled joys of the celestial empire, a fire on the hearth was a thing to grow jolly over. He reached soon the turn of the road, beyond which lay the dear old lands and homestead, where lived his brother Bob and sweet Alice. Yes, there was the very old stone house; the wooden portico had fallen a little to decay, and the captain wondered that the rose-vines were all gone—all dead and cut away. Alice was so fond of roses in the old days; but children and household cares had, of course, changed Alice with the rest. But stay! Could that be Bob at the wood-pile? No, surely; not that broken, bent old man! And not a child to be seen—not one.

The captain lingered a little at the fence; then, clearing his voice, he called out,

"Is Mr. Robert Benson at home?"

"At home!" said the old man; "ay, he is at home these many years."

A strange reply, thought the captain. "Can I see him?" he called aloud.

The man went on chopping wood, and shook his head mournfully. Then a woman came out of the kitchen door, slatternly and toil-worn.

"Robert Benson's been dead these ten years," she said.

The captain grasped the fence a little tighter, and swallowed an obstruction in his throat; but he said, quickly,

"His wife?"

"Well, she's poorly enough. She lives down in the old house on the South Road."

"She's dying," interrupted the old man. "These March winds 'll make an end of her."

"Get along with your croakin'," said the woman, noting the pallor in the stranger's face. "Don't you mind my old man. She's poorly enough, but not so bad as all that. Hem! A stranger in these parts?"

"I'm Charles Benson," said the captain, curtly.

"Do tell! Home from sea? They'll be powerful glad to see you, that's a fact."

"The—the children are—well—I suppose?" faltered the captain.

"Oh yes, thank ye," said the woman, briskly. "They ain't any on 'em at home now. I've got six."

"I meant my brother's children," said the captain.

"Oh," she replied, "I don't know of any children except Charlie. That's all I ever heerd on."

The captain turned away, and walked toward the South Road. The little pewee had caught up with him now, and sang a cheerier song; but the captain thought it was like a wail. Bob was dead, Alice dying; only the one child, and the farm in the hands of strangers—the land that had belonged to the Bensons for over a century. He had gold enough to buy it over and over again; but could he have the heart, now that all were gone? The one child, Charlie! How his heart swelled to bursting as he repeated the name. They had cared for him, then, and named their only child after him; while he—

Ah! that was a bad-hearted lad that remained obdurate and cold for eighteen years. Only Charlie left, and sweet Alice was dying. Well, he would take the lad, his nephew, and go back to sea; but never again could he drive this desolation from his heart, let him battle with the winds and waves as he might. He walked sadly down the old road till he reached the little house that he remembered used to belong to the farm—a shabby little shanty enough; but somehow the captain's heart warmed to it. For one thing, the front of the cottage was covered with the branches of a huge rose-vine, and he could see in the moonlight that it was pruned and cared for. Then a cheery whistle came from a chink in the kitchen door, and a light shone from the window that looked like fire-light. The captain opened the door, and, his heart beating quickly, he went in. There stood a young fellow whistling gayly, with a towel in one hand and a long stick in the other. He was washing dishes after a method of his own; but he dropped the stick and the towel, and turned crimson, when the captain stood in the door.

"Why, this can't be Charlie?" said the captain, in a low tone; "not a grown lad like this?"

"Who are you, Sir, that walks into people's houses without ever asking their leave?" said Joe, ashamed of having been found in so humiliating a position.

"I'm Charles Benson, my lad, and don't say any thing harsh now. Give me a hearty welcome, boy, for I need it much."

"Not Uncle Charley home from sea!" cried Joe.

"Yes, my dear boy, your uncle Charley; for you must be my nephew," said the captain, flinging his arms about Joe.

"Oh no, Sir," said Joe, extricating himself from this warm embrace; "I'm only Joe Miller, Sir; I've lived with the folks ever since you went away, and Charlie has so much to do that sometimes I help a little at night. You see, Sir, Mrs. Benson is not strong—"

"Dying, Joe, dying," said the captain, abruptly.

Joe started back in dismay.

"Who said so?" he gasped.

"The man up at the farm," said the captain.

"Darned old raven! I thought so," said Joe. "Well, it ain't true at all. She's awful weakly; but I shouldn't wonder if your coming back would bolster her up again. But don't go in suddenly, Sir. I'll just let Charlie know."

"There's a good lad," said the captain, feeling a sudden warmth at his heart; "I'll walk about outside for a minute."

The captain went out into the cool March air, and walked to and fro in the road. Presently he heard a light step behind him, two soft arms were flung about his neck, and two great violet eyes shone in the starlight—shone full of tears.

"Uncle Charley! dear Uncle Charley!" said the sweet, girlish voice.

"Why, good, then," cried the captain; "there is a girl, too—a girl besides the boy. Where is Charley, then—my namesake?"

"I'm Charlie, uncle; I'm your namesake. There isn't any lad, except Joe."

"Well, we must e'en be content, then," said the captain, stretching out his hand to Joe, who stood near by. Joe caught it quickly; he liked the captain well. Already a light shone from the window of the sitting-room, and the curtain was half raised.

"I must tell her, uncle," said Charlie. "Oh, tell me, joy won't kill?"

"No, no, girlie," said the captain; "joy won't kill."

Joe said never a word, but looked at Charlie as she stood in the moonlight. A thousand thoughts surged through his mind, filled his heart to bursting—so many strange, thrilling certainties resolved themselves into shape. He loved her—he must lose her. He was glad she would be rich, prosperous, happy. He was sorry—oh, how grievously!—that her happiness would take her out of his reach. In trouble, vexation, disappointment, Charlie had always been his own; at the first touch of success—joy—triumph—she was as unattainable as yonder stars that gleamed in the cold sky. Did he not well remember the day of the fair, when Charlie wore the white dress, made out of the very Canton crape that Uncle Charley had sent them, and she shone fair and peerless above them all; and how, alas! the judge's son, young Wayne, who had every thing else in the world to make him happy—health, wealth, good looks, fine clothes—all—must needs possess himself for the whole day of poor Joe's wee ewe lamb; and the worst of it was, that the ewe lamb was quite content to walk and dance and talk with the judge's son?

Joe walked sadly down the road, and the captain went in. Soon sweet Alice was sobbing in his arms, a cheerful fire blazed upon the hearth, and Charlie, like the household fairy that she was, toasted some bread by the coals. The captain knew in his heart that the gentle creature in his arms was wearing away—the frail, shadowy loveliness was fit, even now, for "the land of the leal;" but he took heart of grace, and thanked God for this present happiness.

"I'm so glad," she said at last, in the same sweet voice that had been sweet to the captain's heart these many years—"I'm so glad, for Charlie's sake. You know, dear, when I am gone she'd have nobody in the world—nobody but Joe," she added, with a quick glance at Charlie. "Ah, if poor Bob could have lived! It broke his heart, Charley, when he lost the farm." Alice's voice was calm and smooth now, and her face placid and sweet, while the heart of the captain beat like a trip-hammer. A hot flush rose to his brow, and he muttered under his breath,

"Poor Bob! and I rolling in gold."

"We have wanted for nothing, dear," said Alice, quickly; "don't fret about it now. We have got along, although what we would have done without Joe I can not tell." She gave another glance at the face of her daughter, but nothing could be seen but a calm profile; the little ear was rosy red, but that might have been from the fire-light.

At that moment the door opened, and in walked Joe. He carried an armful of wood, and strove to appear at ease; but one could plainly see a cloud of grief in his face.

"Come, Joe," said the gentle invalid, "fix my pillows for me as you always do." And as Joe arranged her couch she quietly but tenderly looked upon him. Catching her glance, the tears sprang to his eyes; then she stroked his hair with her wasted hand.

"We will be so happy, Joe," she said.

Joe felt a choking in his throat that hindered a reply; but he turned to Charlie, and, stooping, placed his brown, rugged hand upon hers supplicatingly. Charlie shook it off, and said, quite aloud, "Don't, please."

Joe started back, smiled bitterly, and went out of the room.

"How could you, Charlie?" said her mother, reproachfully.

"Now, mother, *don't!*" said Charlie, energetically.

"No, dear," said the gentle lady; and the captain heaved a prodigious sigh, and thought of the past. He pitied Joe, but he ate his buttered toast in comfort, nevertheless, and could not feel utterly unhappy about any thing. Here was a little rest and much cheer; and despite the grim and melancholy visage of the lad, whom he was heartily fond of, he felt too grateful for his own comfort to be cast down at the dismal prospect for poor Joe.

What a time there was in Bambury, to be sure, when it was known that Captain Benson had come home from sea rolling in gold! Those were the very words—rolling in gold! What a delicious bath! And as his brother's wife was dying, and Charlie was the only child, she was to be the Danae to the captain's Jupiter. He could shower her, make her worth her weight in the precious metal, the villagers discovered; and then they also discovered that Charlie was the best, the prettiest, the gentlest, the most graceful girl in Bambury. Now there was one who had known this all along—Walter Wayne, the judge's son, and heir to the estate on the hill. The estate was heavily mortgaged, and it was whispered about that a little money would be very acceptable to the old gentleman; but it was nothing sordid or unworthy upon young Wayne's part to be at the Bensons' cottage the most of his time. Even when Charlie wore calico dresses a little drabbled and torn, and her sleeves were always pushed high above her elbow as she delved at her work in the tumble-down kitchen—even then Walter Wayne had told her, had told every body, that she was as graceful and as beautiful as a queen. His attachment had been known and shown when the Bensons were poor; and now that the people upon the old farm had even sold their outstanding crops to the captain, and a new portico was in course of erection, and rose-trees in every variety were planted about the grounds, and the captain and Joe were busy as men could be at the old place, and a servant was hired to do the delving at the cottage, and Charlie, in muslins and laces, had nothing to do but wait upon her mother and look her prettiest—now it was quite right and natural that young Wayne should be ardent and devoted. It was not Charlie's fault if she was going to be rich, nor his, nor any body's.

But it made a little difference with the judge, Walter's father. It made that much difference that the pompous old gentleman even deigned to walk down to the cottage. He was not used to walking, he said; but with the aid of his companion (referring to a gold-headed cane) he had managed the distance nicely.

How charmed and delighted was the judge with the cottage ornée (as he insisted upon styling the little rookery); how obsequious to the captain; how courtly to the invalid; how utterly unconscious of Joe, only noticing the latter, with an elevation of the bushy gray eyebrows, when the captain introduced him as his young friend, Joe Miller. At one time during the visit the judge managed to get by the side of the sick lady's couch, and lowering his voice, he said, significantly:

"I am prouder of my son, madam, to-day, than I have ever been in my life. The young dog has excellent taste. I had no idea your daughter was such a gem of loveliness and excellence. I suppose all we can do is to try to make them happy?"

And Alice said "Yes," as she always did.

But when the judge was gone, and Charlie and her uncle stood out upon the porch bidding him good-by, Joe went up to the couch, and glared upon Alice with two fierce, searching eyes.

"Is it all over?" he said. "Have you given her to him? Speak! Tell me the worst at once!"

Then Alice trembled and grew pale, and Joe fell upon his knees by her side, and begged her to forgive and comfort him.

Alas! what could the gentle lady do but bid God comfort and bless him!

The next evening a splendid pair of grays came dashing up to the cottage, and there alighted from a carriage a young gentleman so elegantly attired, his manner was so delicately tender, so judiciously discreet, that it was plain to be seen what was the drift of young Wayne's invitation to drive. Joe strove in vain to get one earnest word with Charlie before she went. There was a haughty curve in her upper lip nowadays, and a slight tossing of her shapely head; and she could talk of nothing, nothing in the world, but how did she look in this and that, and would Joe *please* tell her which color suited her the best.

"Ask young Wayne," said Joe; "he's just the chap to know about ribbons and laces. As for me, I've something else to think of."

Oh, indeed, Charlie wasn't aware he possessed so momentous a mind; she would be careful not to trouble him again. Then, to her great surprise and indignation, Joe told her *not* to trouble him, but to let him alone henceforth and forever. Charlie looked after Joe as he went out in the moonlight, and first a glitter of triumph shone in her eyes, then an expression of fear and doubt; at last two limpid tears suffused their violet depths, and an infantile gentleness made them the loveliest eyes in the world. But Joe walked on and on miles upon the white road, with nothing but his great gloomy shadow for a companion. It seemed to Joe that the ugly black phantom by his side whispered to him that it was better to end the matter at once. And reaching a pond by the border of the little wood that lay within the old Benson farm, Joe, without any ceremony, threw himself in.

"Hallo!" said a voice upon the bank; "what the dickens" (perhaps it was a stronger word) "are you about, Joe? Come out of that!" And as Joe didn't come out, the captain sprang in and dragged him out.

There they were upon the bank, all wet and slimy, and poor Joe felt it would have been far better to have drowned. He couldn't even drown in peace. Was there ever so unfortunate a fellow?

"What the dickens" (this time it *was* a stronger word) "made you throw yourself in such a mud-hole as that? Couldn't you choose a place a little further up stream? I've a mind to heave you back again, you young scalawag. What do you mean—say? Don't you know it's against the rules to heave away what you can't bring back again? What a cowardly lubber you are, Joe? I thought there was better stuff in you."

Thus the captain harangued the unfortunate creature at his side; but he threw about him a stalwart arm, and there was a tenderness in the rough tones that went to the poor lad's heart.

"If you'd chuck me in again, captain, I'd be the most grateful fellow on earth. I can't live without her. I've tried to bear it—indeed, I've tried my best—but I can't. I've loved her since she was as high as my knee; we were youngsters together, and she used to care more for me than any body in the world; she'd run away from any body to come to me. And now I see her getting colder and colder every day, and even jeering at me and making fun of me, it's more than flesh and blood can stand, captain."

"I know it, Joe," said the captain; "it's tough to go through with. I know all about it, my boy; but once weather the gale, and you're all right. Look at me, Joe;" and Joe stole a shivering glance at the honest, bluff face of his friend. "Well, I suffered more agony in an hour than you could in a lifetime; but I didn't heave away my life, Joe; and the consequence is, here I am, and here you are; and, by George! we must get home and jump into something dry, and drink something hot, or we'll catch a dickens of a cold."

So the philosophic captain dragged the lad along, and they made their way homeward, leaving a trail of ooze and mud upon the road.

The next day Joe went to the farm, and worked like a beaver all day with the captain, and Charlie went out driving again with young Wayne, and the invalid was a little better, and the world went on pretty much as usual; but there was a stronger bond between the captain and Joe, and once in a while a caressing word fell from the lips of the bluff old salt, and Joe grew stronger and braver.

"I wish," said Joe, as they walked home together in the twilight—"I wish I could get away from here for a while. The minute I come within sight of the house, or see any thing belonging to her, I am the veriest coward on the face of the earth; it sets me to trembling all over."

"I'll tell you what," said the captain, suddenly, "you must cut and run. I've been thinking it over, my boy, and I don't see any other way. You must get off to sea, Joe. Ah," he added, taking a long breath, "that's where you'll get strength and grit—that's what 'll make a man of you, Joe."

"But how about the farm, captain?" said Joe.

The captain blew a long whistle from his lungs, that was meant for a sigh.

"Well, Joe," he said, "the farm ain't altogether what I've been looking forward to. You see, there's no children to fill it up, and Charlie will live at the judge's house on the hill, and it stands to reason Alice 'll go with her daughter; and what's the use of the farm? We couldn't live there alone, Joe. Lord! we'd die of the blues. I'll tell you what, boy, we'll go to sea. And yet, Joe—and yet," added the captain, blowing another melancholy blast from his chest, "I'm free to say it's a great blow—a bitter blow."

Joe remained gloomily silent.

At that moment a little pewee, that hopped along from branch to branch at their side, commenced such a charming little quaver that Joe and the captain listened with delight. It sounded like the voice of a mother to her child, or the whistling of a landward breeze to sea-side mariners—of a kettle singing upon the hearth—it was such a miniature anthem of hope and cheer.

"That's a nice little bird, Joe," said the captain.

"Very nice, Sir," said Joe; and their faces lighted up, and they walked a little more briskly. Just as they reached the turn of the road a lithe, graceful figure, dressed charmingly in white, ran to meet them, and a flutter of rose-colored ribbons fell upon the summer air. A sweet, girlish voice called out:

"Oh, Uncle Charley—oh, Joe—I'm so glad you've come! I've been looking for you ever so long, and mamma feels so well to-night, and I've been making a raspberry-pudding."

Then she slipped one little hand into the captain's, and another into Joe's, and walked on between them innocently as an angel. The captain knew what Joe was undergoing, and thinking that the best way to cure trouble was the quickest, called out, in his bluffest tones:

"Avast there, my little mermaid; drop Joe's hand, if you please, and get back in the house again. He's too fond of you to stand your blowing hot and cold with him. Do you know you're driving him off to sea—and me, too, for that matter? As soon as you're spliced with yon popinjay I'm off with Joe; it's the only medicine for us both, for I believe I'm almost as fond of you as he is.—You see, Joe," added the captain, apologetically—"you see Charlie's a good bit of Bob and a good bit of Alice, and she's got mixed up in her a deal of every body I ever cared for, and I can't bear to part with her, that's the fact."

"Part with me!" said Charlie, who had not obeyed the captain's order, but clung fast to Joe's brown hand and his own brawny one—"part with me! How could you be so cruel? Didn't you promise to stay home and live at the farm with mother and me?"

"But you can't live at the farm, girlie; they want you at the house on the hill."

"People can't have every thing they want, uncle. I'll live where I please; I'll live at the farm with mother and you."

Here Joe gave a little struggle to get his hand away; but there was considerable strength in the rosy fingers that clasped themselves about his own.

"Well, you see, Charlie," said the captain, "I feel in honor bound to take care of Joe; if he's left to himself he'll drift among the breakers. I'll just look after him a while till he's able to steer clear of the reefs, and then perhaps I'll come home for a bit. Why, just to think of his heaving himself into that dirty pond last night; he hadn't the sense to pick out a clean spot. If I hadn't been there he'd 'a been choked, sure enough, half with mud, half with water. Hallo! what the dickens is the matter now?"

Charlie had grown suddenly pale, the rosy fingers fell from their warm embrace. "Oh, Joe!" she gasped, with a great look of reproach in her face; then she fell upon his shoulder quite wan and lifeless, and the white lids shut all the glory from the violet eyes.

"Hold her tight, Joe," said the captain; "I'll go get some brandy;" and he hastened with trembling steps to the house.

When the captain returned he found to his astonishment, and a little to his indignation, that Charlie had quite recovered her consciousness, and that, in place of the pallor that had reigned in her face, a bright flush glowed there, and the violet eyes were filled with a tender radiance. She held out two little trembling hands to her uncle.

"By George!" said that hardy seaman, pretending not to see this flag of truce; "here I am blowing like a porpoise and scared half out o' my wits; I haven't run that way since I was a boy. And here are you better than ever, by George! and prettier; and—eh, Joe?" This interrogative was addressed to his young friend, who looked as if he had suddenly swallowed a sunbeam.

"Uncle dear," said Charlie, demurely, "I'm going to stay at the farm with mother and you, and—and Joe!"

The captain caught her in his arms and swayed her about joyfully. "By George!" he cried, "we'll have that chest of toys, after all." Then he wrung Joe's hands in a way that brought the tears to that young fellow's eyes, and the pewee upon a neighboring branch chanted a pæan of joy, and all the heavens glowed with the light of the stars that looked down upon old mother earth and saw so many scenes like this—scenes of gladness, innocence, and peace.

So Bambury was mistaken, and that girl married Joe Miller, after all. Just shows how *contrairy* girls are. What she could see in that humbly fellar the Lord only knew.

But if *He* knew, what mattered it?

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

About a quarter of a century ago there occurred at Rome an inundation of the Tiber similar to the one which has been recently experienced. It appears from the latest accounts received that during the height of the flood the whole of the Corso, which is the principal street in Rome, was covered with water to the depth of several feet. After a time it was impossible to drive or ride through the Corso, and boats began to appear, containing the police, who rescued any unfortunates whom the unwelcome invasion of the Tiber might have placed in difficulty or danger. Boats also passed through the street laden with bread for those who had gone to sleep the previous night expecting the usual visit of the baker. Baskets were let down from upper stories to receive food. The scene is described by those who witnessed it as a very curious one. This inundation is said to have been the most disastrous one which has occurred in this century. Much property which had been stored in cellars was totally destroyed, and immense numbers of cattle from the country round about were drowned, and large quantities of timber floated away. Many lives are also reported to have been lost. Some of the Italians consider this flood as an ill omen—a judgment of heaven on the people of Rome. It is not, however, the first judgment of the kind which has fallen upon the Eternal City.

The Governor of Indiana, in his message to the Legislature, complains that the divorce laws of that State, and the lax manner in which they have been administered by some of the courts, have given Indiana a notoriety that is by no means enviable. He therefore recommends that certain clauses of the statute be repealed, and others modified. And he expresses the hope that, with the amendments suggested, Indiana divorces will soon cease to be advertised in any of the Atlantic cities as marketable commodities, and that refugees and fugitives from the justice of other States will no longer come to Indiana in quest of divorces to be used, on their return to their homes, as licenses to violate the laws of sister States.

Beggars *are* choosers, it seems, in these days. A Connecticut beggar recently called at a clergyman's house, and the lady gave him a coat slightly threadbare, and minus a single button. The applicant for charity passed it back, exclaiming, with offended dignity, "Madam, I want a coat that I should not be ashamed to wear in the daytime." His would-be benefactress gazed at him in amazement, and then retired to repair the garment for the use of her own husband.

The following rules for the government of children, which were first presented in one of Mr. Jacob Abbott's books, have been of great service to many successful teachers: "When you consent, consent cordially." "When you refuse, refuse finally." "When you punish, punish good-naturedly." "Commend often." "Never scold." If parents and teachers would bear these simple directions in mind, children would be better and happier.

A horse was once brought to Brigham Young for sale. "Why, the beast is half starved," said Brigham, running his hand over the pony's side. "You can count his ribs." "That's more'n a chap could do with yours," retorted the dealer. Brigham Young concluded not to buy that pony.

One of the smallest newspapers on record is a copy of *Le Soir* which was sent out of Paris not long ago. It had been compressed, by means of photography, into a sheet measuring only three and a half by two and a half inches. Nevertheless, this Lilliputian journal contained the full contents of an ordinary-sized number, and could be read easily with the aid of a good microscope. It was printed on one side only of the little sheet, and headed with a notice that it must be read as a transparency—that is, against the pane of a window—and with a magnifying-glass. *Le Soir* can thus be sent out by the balloons in immense quantities without any curtailment of its usual contents.

Various rumors have been circulated in the newspapers which do not reflect much honor on the husband of Jenny Lind. It has been reported that he was intemperate, extravagant, and that she had been forced to separate from him, and exert herself for her own support. This is now all contradicted by an anonymous lady, who says she has recently returned from England, and has had an opportunity of knowing the facts in the case. She assures the public that a happier and better matched pair can scarcely be found in England—that they reside near London in elegant style, surrounded by all the comforts of life.

Spurgeon says it is a remarkable fact that ministers of the Gospel are not able to live on much less than other people. They can not make a shilling go so far as other people can make a sovereign. Some of them try very hard, but they can not succeed. A member once said to a minister who wanted a little more salary as his family increased: "I did not know that you preached for money." "No, I don't," said the minister. "I thought you preached for souls." "So I do; but I could not live on souls; and if I could it would take a good many the size of yours to make a meal."

By means of the spectroscope, an inquisitive American has discovered that the spectrum of a fire-fly is composed of rays which affect the vision powerfully, but give out no heat.

The Minister of the Interior in Chili has received from a native of France a petition for a patent right, relative to the discovery of a system in which air, in a state of expansion, in combination with other agents, produces the instantaneous breakage of the hardest mases of granitic, metallic, or other stone. Besides this, the system is claimed to possess an advantage over those hitherto employed, inasmuch as it produces no explosion whatever when breaking the rock, and permits a person to stand with perfect safety at a distance of two metres from the stone. If this process be as efficacious as described, it will be of material service to mining industry, doing away with blasting powder.

It is stated that the directors of the Bank of England have resolved that all clerks in their employ shall retire from their appointments at the age of sixty-five. What provision is then to be made for the discarded employés?

Last week the dramatic profession united in a demonstration of respect to the memory of the late George Holland. Managers and actors in New York and Brooklyn cordially offered their services for extra performances, the proceeds of which are to be devoted to the benefit of the widow and children of Mr. Holland. From several other cities also handsome donations have been sent to the "Holland Testimonial Fund," and subscriptions have come from private, and even from unknown individuals.

Bret Harte, whose humorous poetry has awakened so much interest of late, is thus described by an acquaintance: "He is a little below the medium stature, well-proportioned; has a forehead more high than broad, thin brown hair, a fair complexion originally, but his face is now badly pitted with small-pox; eyes remarkably soft and brilliant, and an indescribable expression of countenance that indicates a spirit in complete sympathy with all that is beautiful and all that is good. His voice is peculiarly sweet and musical; his powers of endurance not over-large; he is firm in his opinions, but in the expression of them modest; shuns rather than seeks society; never courts but avoids notoriety; is a delightful companion; does far more work than he ought; understands what he can do, and never attempts what he can not."

An Ohio dentist has got into trouble. A young lady went to him to have a tooth extracted. The dentist examined all her teeth, and attempted to argue her into a belief that she should have her front teeth extracted and an artificial set inserted. She firmly declined. Her front teeth had given her no trouble, and she wished only to part with the one which had been rebellious. So the dentist administered gas. By-and-by the lady was aroused to consciousness by pain, and discovered that the operator had already taken out three front teeth, and apparently intended to proceed farther. The dentist has been arrested for assault and battery.

Few ladies in any country have had a more distinguished career than Miss Maria Mitchell, of Vassar College. She is a native of Nantucket, and by birth and education a member of the Society of Friends. At the age of eleven she assisted her father in giving instruction in his school. From him she learned the first elements of the science in which she has been so much distinguished. On October 1, 1847, she discovered a telescopic comet, which was afterward observed elsewhere by other astronomers. For this discovery she was presented with a gold medal by the King of Denmark. She was subsequently employed in observations connected with the United States Coast Survey. She also assisted in the compilation of the "Nautical Almanac." She was chosen a member of the American Association for the Advancement of Science and Art on the recommendation of Professor Agassiz. A New York college has conferred an honorary degree on her, and at present she is Professor of Astronomy and directress of the observatory in Vassar College.

Chicago has been visited with a snow-storm unparalleled in that section for its severity. The "oldest inhabitants" remember nothing like it in duration, violence, and in the amount of snow which fell.

The following incident comes from Versailles: One of the great military chiefs was going to his quarters one evening inside the princely precincts when he was brought up by the point of a bayonet, and a demand for the pass-word. The general had forgotten it. "I am General Von ——," he explained; "I have forgotten the pass." The sentry was a man of few words, but they were emphatic. In Polish-German he merely observed, "I will shoot you;" and looked so very like it that the general desisted from verbal controversy, and waited till a soldier from the post had returned with an officer to identify his Excellency and give orders for his release.

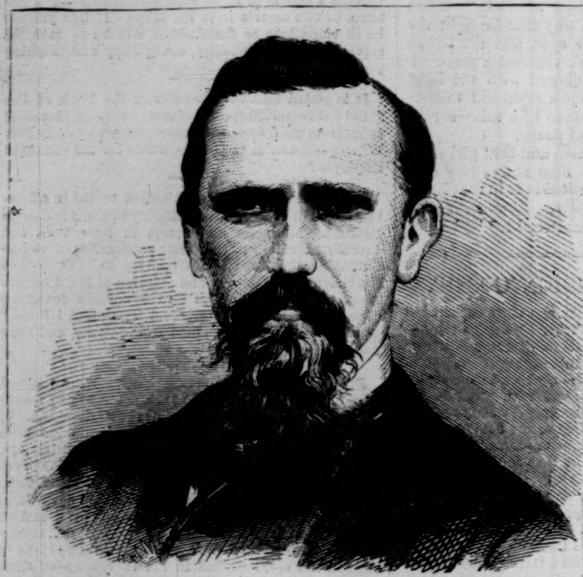
An Indiana husband, who was fond of trying experiments upon his wife, told her one day that he was going down cellar to commit suicide. Down he went, and fired a broadside into the pork barrel. His wife kept right on with her knitting; and after waiting for some demonstration until he was tired, the man came up stairs, swearing the woman hadn't any feeling.

Fright is the latest reported remedy for rheumatic affections. It is a powerful stimulant, and if the excitement it causes is sufficient it may overcome the torpidity of the muscles, and restore them to their former functions. A case is on record of a soldier who had been discharged from service on account of rheumatism, which prevented him from walking without crutches. The house in which he lived took fire one night, and he sprang out of bed to save his children. The result of his efforts that night was such that his rheumatism disappeared and returned no more.

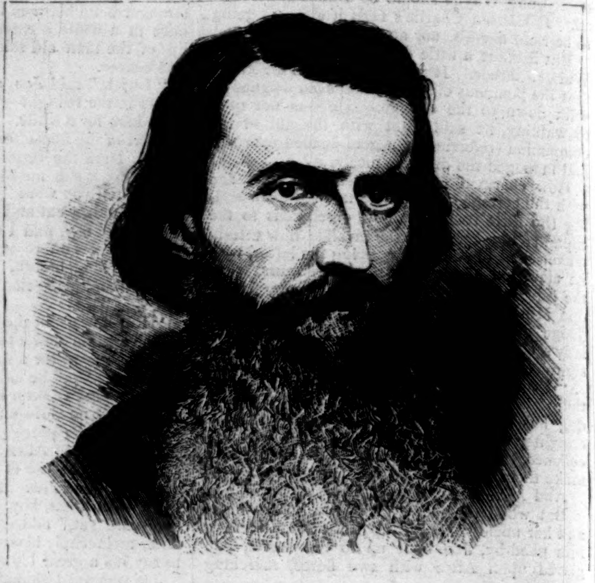
The author of the "Marseillaise" seems to have died a wanderer, and to have been buried without any special marks of honor. A German soldier, while on outpost duty at Choisy-le-Roi, near the little burying-place of that village, was attracted by a lonely-looking grave among the elaborately sculptured monuments. It was simply covered by a flat, gray stone, bearing an inscription in French, of which the following is a translation:

> "Here reposes Claude Joseph Rouget de l'Isle. Born at Lons-le-Saulnier in 1760. Died at Choisy-le-Roi in 1836. When in 1782 the French Revolutionists arrayed themselves against Royalty, he put into their hands, as a weapon wherewith to break its power, the 'Marseillaise.'"

A singular custom exists in Arabia. When an Arab widow intends marrying again, the night before the ceremony she pays a visit to the grave of her first husband. There she kneels and prays him not to be offended. The widow brings with her a donkey laden with two goat-skins filled with water. The prayer ended, she proceeds to pour the water upon the grave, and having well saturated it she departs, and makes her preparations for the approaching nuptials.



JEREMIAH O'DONOVAN ROSSA.



JOHN O'LEARY.

THE IRISH EXILES.

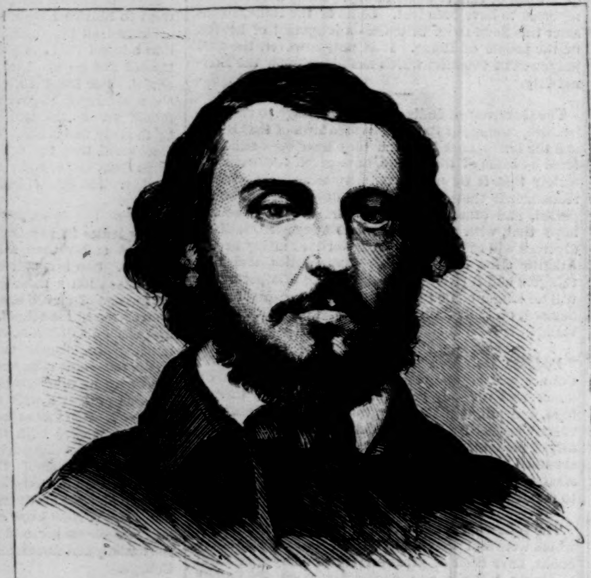
On this page we give the portraits of four of the Irish exiles who were recently released from imprisonment by the British government on the condition that they should leave the country, and who arrived at New York on the 19th of January—Mr. **Jeremiah O'Donovan Rossa**, Mr. **John O'Leary**, Mr. **Thomas Clarke Luby**, and General **Halpin**. They were among the most active participants in the recent unsuccessful revolutionary movements set on foot in Ireland against the government. The first-named was the business manager of the *Irish People*, the newspaper organ of the disaffected classes, published in Dublin. He was arrested on the 15th of September, 1865, and after a brief trial was convicted, and sentenced to penal servitude for life. His associate, and editor of the paper, Mr. **O'Leary**, who was arrested the same day, received a sentence to twenty years' penal servitude. Mr. **Luby** was the son of an Episcopal clergyman, and had excellent prospects of preferment if he would take the government side. In 1863 he became one of the editors of the *Irish People*, was arrested at the same time with **Rossa** and **O'Leary**, found guilty, and received the same sentence as the latter. General **Halpin** served with credit in the Union Army during the Southern rebellion. His sentence was fifteen years' penal servitude.

These portraits were engraved from photographs courteously furnished to us by Mr. J. T. **Foley**, of 119 Nassau Street, New York, who publishes a chart containing the portraits of these gentlemen and their associates.

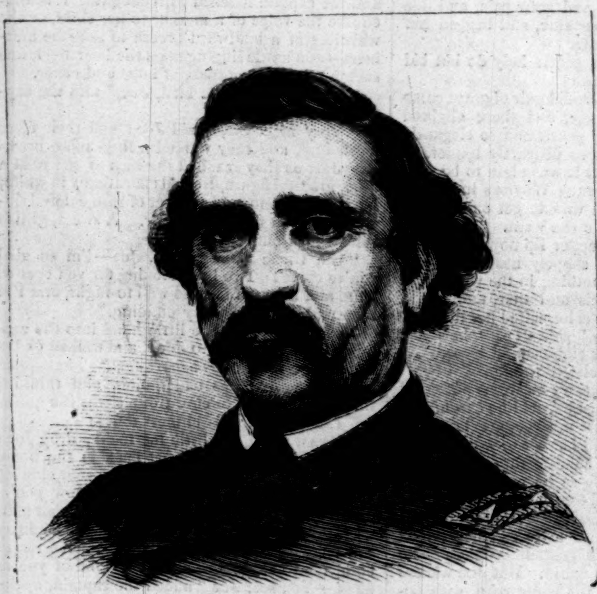
THE CITY OF ROUEN.

Rouen, the Roman *Rotomagus*, of which we give a sketch on this page is, or rather was a few months ago, one of the most flourishing towns of Normandy. Situated within an easy distance from Paris, on a navigable river, and able to communicate with the principal northern ports in a few hours, it possessed unusual commercial advantages. Indeed, it has often been said that, had France chosen Rouen for her capital, England would not have been so vastly superior in maritime affairs. Thus not only is Rouen interesting to the antiquary from the beauty and grandeur of its fine old monuments, but the man of business also finds there numerous signs of a flourishing commerce. The staple manufacture is cotton, but there are also large establishments for tanning and dyeing.

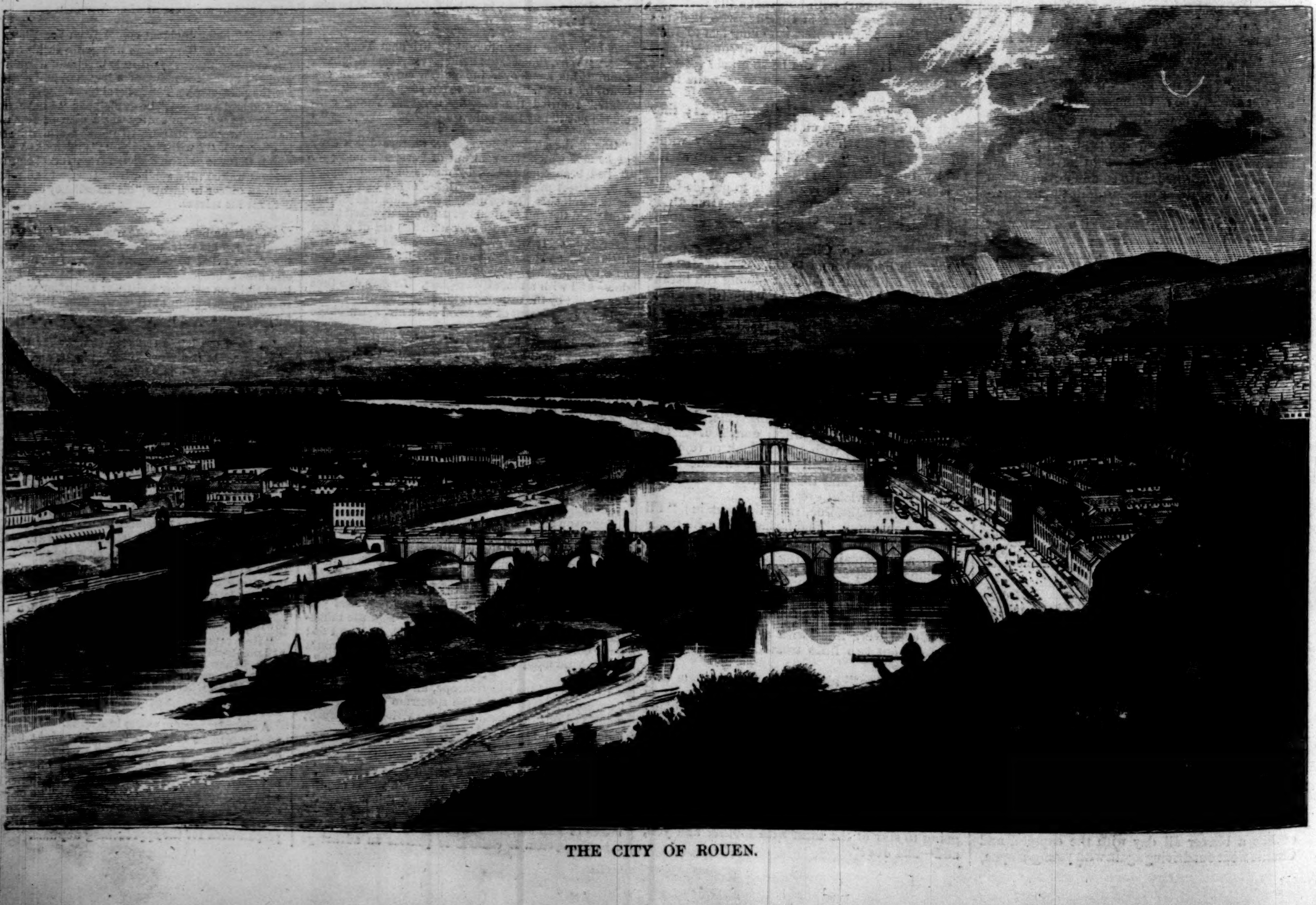
Rouen is also interesting from its historical recollections. Here, in the square still called Place de la Pucelle, **Joan** of Arc was burned as a witch, and here, in the Museum, reposes the heart of **Richard** I. of England. That inimitable poet and dramatist, **Pierre Corneille**, called by his countrymen Le Grand **Corneille**, was born in Rouen; while that unfortunate minister of **Charles** II., Lord Clardendon, chose Rouen for his place of exile, and died there in 1674. Rouen is by no



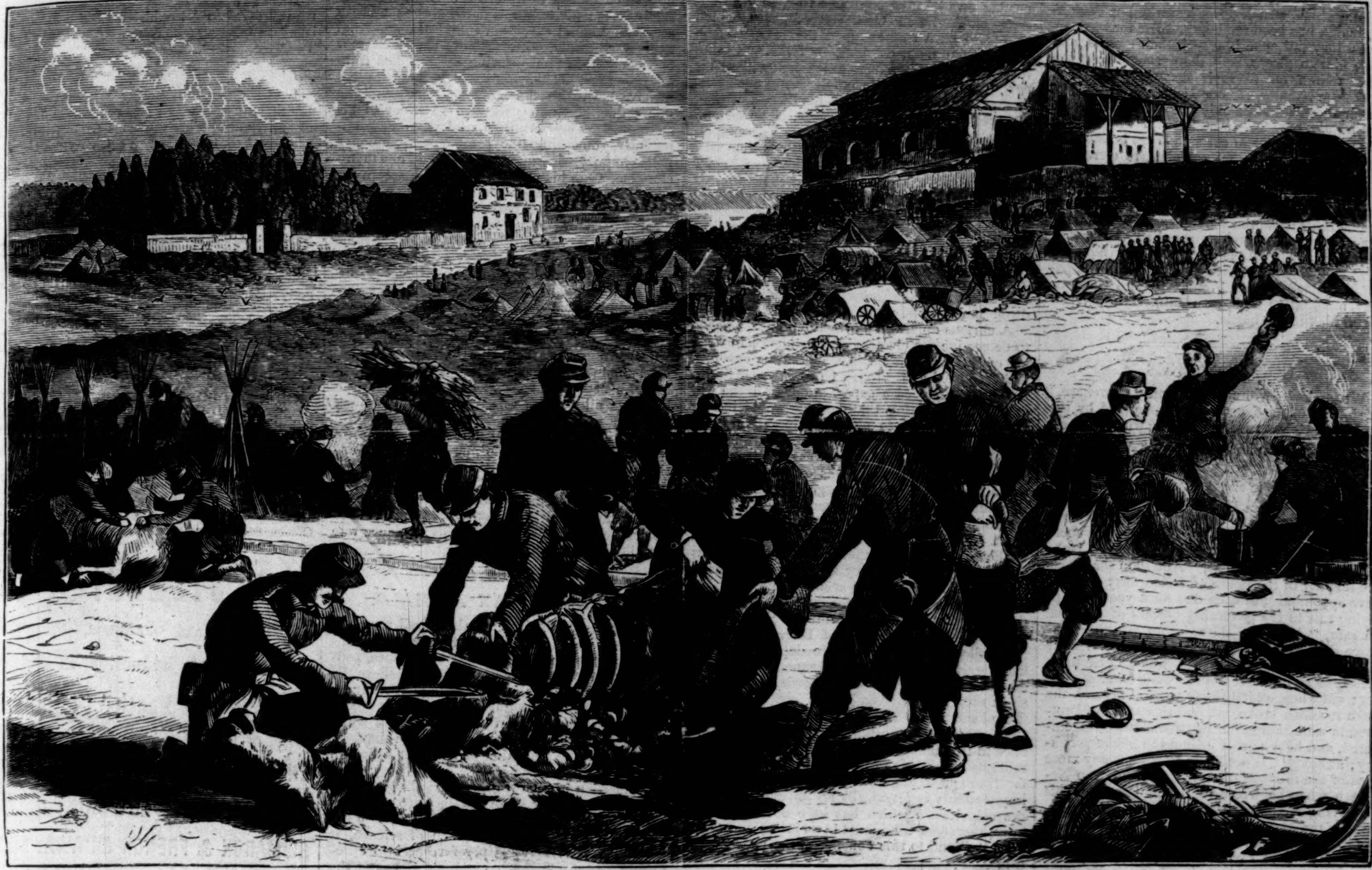
THOMAS CLARKE LUBY.



GENERAL HALPIN.



THE CITY OF ROUEN.



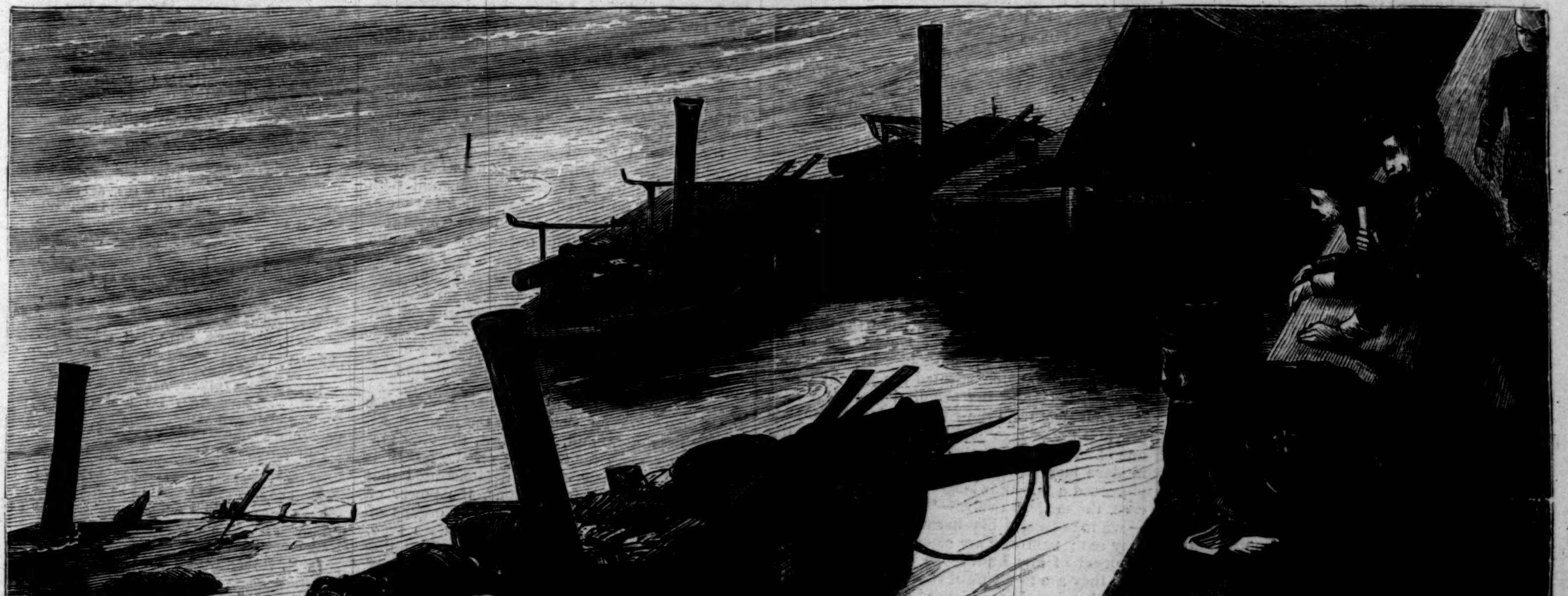
FRENCH SOLDIERS CUTTING UP HORSES AFTER A SORTIE.

means fitted for hostilities, and is built in a most exposed position, being surrounded by numerous heights. Indeed, the town has never been distinguished for successful resistances, as both Henry V. of England and Henri IV. of France occupied it after easy sieges. At that time some fortifications existed, but they have been swept away by modern improvements, and a handsome boulevard occupies their place.

At the beginning of the war, when the German invasion of France first became probable, Rouen, like so many other French towns, was heroic. Paris was besieged: Rouen would also show the world how France can resist in spite of overwhelming forces. Amiens was taken: Rouen would fight to the last. The Prussians advanced still further: and the Rouennais—*i. e.*, the military—after the slightest of skirmishes, all ran away to Havre. The Prussians thus entered Rouen in the most peaceable manner on the 4th of December. On their arrival they requisitioned boots and blankets, suppressed the Rouen journals, established an organ of their own, left a considerable garrison to keep possession, and then sent the chief part of the army on to Havre and Dieppe. Thus ended the part played in the present war by Rouen. Little has been since heard of the town; but from what has been heard, the Prussians seem to have fairly established themselves there, and probably intend to make it their winter head-quarters in Normandy.

CUTTING UP HORSES AFTER A BATTLE.

A battle-field, shortly after an action, is, at any time, a singular sight; but still stranger scenes than usual are now witnessed after the numerous encounters between the Parisians and their Prussian besiegers. Before the firing has ceased small detachments of adventurous Moblots may be seen advancing with their swords drawn, and on murderous thoughts intent. Not, however, that they intend, like the red Indians, to dispatch and scalp their fallen foes. Far from it: they pass by a wounded Teuton with a benevolent smile, and perhaps administer a dram of Cognac, and call a charitable *frère* to his assistance. No; their search is not for human but for equine victims. Like King Richard III., they cry out for "A horse! a horse!" Having found some poor



CAPTURED GUN-BOATS AT ORLEANS.—[See Page 102.]

animal which, struck down by a shell or Chassepot bullet, has been rendered useless for war purposes, they fall upon him with their swords, and hack him to pieces, and then, shouldering the flesh, march off to their respective quarters, where the remains of poor Dobbin are placed in a camp-kettle, and quickly converted into *pot au feu au cheval*. The rapidity with which these amateur butchers will cut up a horse is astonishing, half an hour being sufficient to convert a plump animal into a cleanly picked skeleton.

Frequently, also, the flesh is carried into the capital, where it is distributed among the various butchers; and the Paris *Journal* tells us that the action at Champigny supplied Paris with meat for five days, as nearly twelve hundred dead and wounded horses were found in the positions gained by the French, besides three or four hundred of their own animals which had been killed in the battle.

COINCIDENCES.

WHEN André wrote his satirical "Cowchase," in ridicule of an expedition commanded by the American General Wayne, ending with the lines,

> "Lest the same warrior-drover, Wayne,
> Should catch and hang the poet,"

he little thought he was anticipating a sad truth, and that he should really be taken prisoner by some of Wayne's division, to die the ignominious death at which he jested. Archbishop Usher, when a young man, preached a sermon in Dublin in 1601, from the text, "And thou shalt bear the iniquity of the house of Judah forty days; I have appointed thee each day for a year." Applying this to the governing powers of Ireland, he said, "And then those whom you now embrace shall be your ruin, and you shall bear their iniquity." At the time this was looked upon merely as an outburst from a young hater of popery; but when, exactly forty years afterward, the Irish rebellion broke out, and thousands of Protestants were murdered, his words were remembered, and held a proof he had the gift of prophecy; although it is not likely Usher had any more idea of the fulfillment of what he said than Napoleon when he wrote to Maximilian upon his displaying symptoms of withdrawing his acceptance of the Mexican throne, "What would you say to me if, after you had been in Mexico three years, I were to say the same thing to you?" And yet that was precisely what the Emperor did suggest at the expiration of the period he had named. Nor, probably, did the writer of the warning lines in the *Unita Cattolica*—

> "Maximilian, go not too far;
> Turn again, Max, to Miramar.
> The crumbling Aztec throne's a chalice
> Brimful of Gallic froth and malice.
> Who trusts the deceiver, who hopes against hope,
> In the folds of the purple may find a rope!"—

deem he was to prove a true seer; true as the lot Victor Noir drew in jest three days before he met his death at the hands of Prince Pierre Bonaparte; true as the prophetical inscription upon the boulder in the French river—"Those who have last seen me cried, and those who may again see me shall weep"—brought to light by the drought of 1870, after lying covered by the waters for two hundred years.

If Maximilian received the papal blessing when he started upon his ill-fated expedition, its issue is accounted for. Pio Nono blessed Charles Albert, and he succumbed to Radetsky at Novara; he blessed the King of Naples, and Garibaldi drove him from his throne; he sent his blessing and the Golden Rose to Isabella of Spain, and she became an exile; he blessed the first Roman railroad, and the first train ran off the line; he blessed a convent of monks, and the convent fell down upon all that were in it.

Scott's agriculturist, Triptolemus, in the "Pirate," discovers a horn full of silver coins under his hearth-stone, which disappears again through the agency of the oracular Norna's creature, the dwarf. While the sheets of the novel were passing through the press, some workmen, taking up the foundation of an old wall within a very short distance of the supposed residence of Norna of the Fitful Head, came upon a hearth-stone, under which they found a horn filled with coins of the Heptarchy. Another literary coincidence was pointed out by a writer in the London *Times*. The last paragraph of "Our Mutual Friend," the last completed work of Charles Dickens, recounts how, upon the 9th of June, 1865, the great novelist narrowly escaped being killed in a terrible railway accident, and concludes with these words: "I remember, with devout thankfulness, that I can never be much nearer parting company with my readers forever than I was then, until there shall be written against my life the two words with which I have this day closed this book—THE END." Just five years afterward, on the very same day of the very same month, The End came.

Dr. Doran tells of a comical coincidence, of which the rector, curate, and congregation of an English village were the victims. The rector and his curate both returned to their duty, after a long absence, upon the same day. The curate took the morning service, and preached so well as to astonish his hearers. In the evening the rector, who had officiated in a neighboring parish in the morning, ascended the pulpit, and rather surprised his flock by giving out the same text as the curate had chosen in the forenoon. Their surprise became puzzled wonderment when they found it was not only the same text, but the same sermon; and one can imagine the horror of the listening curate. The fact was, rector and curate had each purchased some lithographed sermons, and were so unlucky as to inaugurate their return home with the same one. Good as this story is, it is capped by the misadventure attending three young candidates for a Scotch ministry. The first one put upon his trial while putting on his robes happened to descry an ancient-looking, well-worn roll of paper, which proved to be a sermon upon the text, "Jacob was a plain man, dwelling in tents." Seeing that the old sermon was much better than his new one, the aspirant to pulpit honors took possession of it, delivered it as his own, and then returned it to its old resting-place. The sermon was a good one, and pleased the hearers, although they would have preferred one delivered without book. Great was their astonishment the following Sunday, when preacher number two treated them to the same sermon from the same text; but it was too much for Scottish patience when a third minister, falling into the same trap, commenced his sermon by announcing that "Jacob was a plain man, dwelling in tents;" and one old woman relieved the feelings of her fellow-sufferers by exclaiming: "Deil dwell 'um! Is he never gaun to flit?"

A curious application of mathematical science to determine the chances of coincidence in writing one's name was made a short time ago in a will case tried at Boston. One of the parties to the cause produced a paper, attached to the will in her favor, stating that nothing would induce the testatrix ever to alter her intentions, and that, whatever document might afterward be produced, that, and that only, was her true will. This strange declaration was duly signed; but the other side disputed the genuineness of the signature, alleging it had been traced from the original signature to the accompanying testament. This document had been executed in duplicate; there were therefore three signatures for examination, and they were found to correspond with mathematical accuracy, not only letter for letter and space for space, but each of them had the same slant to the base line of the paper. Professor Pierce, of Harvard College, was called as a witness. He deposed that he had ascertained the relative frequency of coincidences in a number of the testatrix's undoubted signatures, and arrived at the conclusion that the phenomenon of coincidence observable in the signatures before the court could only occur once in two thousand six hundred and sixty-six millions of millions of times—"a number which far transcends human experience; so vast an improbability is practically an impossibility, and the coincidence which has here occurred must have, therefore, originated in an intention to produce it;" and to this conclusion the court itself came.

TRIAL BY JURY.

THE word "jury" denotes an institution so commonly known and so sacredly regarded as a sort of palladium of popular liberty—namely, *trial by jury*—that we shall say a word or two concerning what is known of its origin in England. Perhaps we should rather say that our remarks would take the form of a speculation about the origin and growth of trial by jury; for of the early history of this method of deciding disputed questions of fact very little is known accurately. In our research we soon get into the far-back ages of fog and mist, where history gropes her way with faltering and uncertain step. There is, in fact, no means of discovering when trial by jury began in England. Juries sat to try cases in Henry the Second's time. Now what were Henry the Second's juries like? It is a matter of the purest conjecture. We can not say, and we can not find out. The growth of trial by jury has probably been a gradual process. Its origin was, with little room for doubt, as follows. In the early times of English history a small number of men lived together; they constituted a tithing, or a larger number a hundred. Now these names have no sensible meaning, if we regard their ancient meaning: they denote merely the limits of topographical boundaries, the space within those limits. Then they really meant an association of ten families in a tithing, or a hundred families in a hundred. A man committed a crime in a hundred, say. He wishes to purge himself of his imputed guilt. His jury, by whom he was tried, were the men of his own hundred; they knew every act of his life—his incoming, his outgoing, his innocence or his guilt; they constituted the jury by which he was tried; and the peculiarity of their case was that they tried the cause having a complete previous knowledge of all the facts. Herein lies one chief difference between our ancient and our modern jury. While the jurors of early times possessed a full knowledge of all the facts of the case, the modern twelve—"good men and true"—are men caught hap-hazard in the streets, we may say; men who are supposed to be perfectly innocent of any knowledge of the facts of the case they are to try until they hear the evidence. After hearing that evidence, they tell the judge what they think about it. It has not been for so very long a period that the fear of a packed jury has ceased in England; and in the last century a celebrated judge said it was one of the highest feats of constitutional government to get twelve honest men into a jury-box. It is thus established that a modern juror is the very opposite of the old juryman; for the one entered upon a trial, in all cases, with a knowledge of the facts of the case; the other, as a rule, knows nothing of them until they are disclosed in evidence. And this knowledge possessed by the old jurors was a matter of necessity. Take the case, for example, of a small village nowadays. Every body knows every body else's business; and if the men of the village tried the criminal themselves, ignorance of facts and freedom from prejudice would be alike impossible.

But how far these ancient trials proceeded before all parties got tired of the affair, and threw the game up to rush off to settle the case by trial by ordeal, or trial by wager of battle, it is, of course, impossible to determine. What their form of procedure was we do not know; but, as far as the juries are concerned, we may safely infer their origin as dated above; and we see their gradual extension from the men of the tithings and hundred to those of the vicinetum, or vicinage—in fact, drawing the jurymen from a larger area. Their proceedings, indeed, seem to have been with the object of "purging" the man; that is, coming forward to swear to his character. Their criminal trial proceeded, apparently, something like a modern preliminary police inquiry—learning all they could of a man's character from his neighbors. There was in the early feudal times a system of guarantee. The tithing-man was to a certain extent answerable for the men of his tithing, and so on. A B guaranteed the good conduct of C D. People living together were answerable for one another; and when one was charged with a crime, the others came forward to swear to his character. The criminal had to purge himself of his guilt among the set he lived in. As to the evidence given at these trials, a complication arises from our ignorance of the value of that evidence. Every man's oath had a value, differing according to his status in society. In fact, they had a line, and all above it were white, and all below, black sheep. Thus the king's oath was above all question—he could not be wrong; the lord's was (to speak within the mark) at least forty times as trust-worthy as the vassal's; the freeman's evidence was taken, and believed or not according to circumstances; but the serf was such an indifferently honest rascal that he could not be believed at all, and so his evidence was not allowed to be taken.

ANTEDILUVIAN ANIMALS.

WERE it not for innumerable fossil remains, and even entire skeletons, of extinct animals wholly unlike those now in active existence, people in general would be quite slow to believe the statements of naturalists respecting former races of quadrupeds and mighty reptiles which roamed over the marshy surface of the earth while it was passing through various geological changes, to fit it for the reception of a higher order of occupants.

A question in regard to the period when those extinct animals lived can not be determined in our present state of knowledge; but such is the indomitable perseverance of men of science, it is possible they may yet pry further into chronology, and gratify our curiosity. Bones of the mastodon in an admirable state of preservation, and teeth beautifully enameled weighing several pounds—to say nothing of tusks from eight to ten feet in length—have been dug up so often in the Western States, and even in western sections of the State of New York, that to pretend they were not animal productions, and once belonged to living, moving creatures, monsters in size compared with those familiar to us, would be simply ridiculous.

Lizards from seventy to one hundred feet long dragged their huge carcasses through the soft mud of ancient bogs, associated with the ichthyosaurus—another terrific reptile giant of the Old World—whose jaws, four feet in length, armed with teeth like strong spikes, preyed upon the no less formidable tyrant of the primitive lakes and stagnant waters, the plesiosaurus. This last anomaly in animal architecture had the body of an alligator, with a serpentine neck, made up of more bones than there are vertebræ in the extraordinary neck of the giraffe. They paddled swiftly in pursuit of game, or fled before a superior monster, with four flippers, which were constructed upon the general mechanical plan of the pectoral fins of a whale. There were several species of all those ferocious, flesh-eating pioneers, who fulfilled their mission, and then were suddenly destroyed, apparently all at once. It presupposes a very dreadful and universal revolution, which should blot out of existence, and forever, unnumbered races, which had had possession of all the land and water for thousands upon thousands of years, for aught we know to the contrary, and thus opening the way for the advent of new and different organic forms, adapted to the altered condition of the surface of the globe, and modifications of its surrounding atmosphere.

An examination of fossil bones, which were the frame-work for sustaining the muscles, digestive apparatus, and, in a word, the vital machinery necessary for carrying on the functions of life, at first view clearly demonstrated that the carpentry of their skeletons, the power of the levers, and the character of the organs of sense were all different from the modern type, yet no doubt admirably adapted for contending in a war of elements, in the midst of armies of foes, each formidable, and striving for the mastery.

When did those monstrous animals range over the green prairies of the Western States? Did they roam from the Mississippi, across the Rocky Mountains, to beautiful regions of California? It is believed that the vast mountain chains on the American continent were raised from the deep bed of a great ocean almost simultaneously, and then the fossil animals were universally destroyed.

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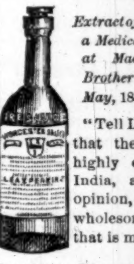

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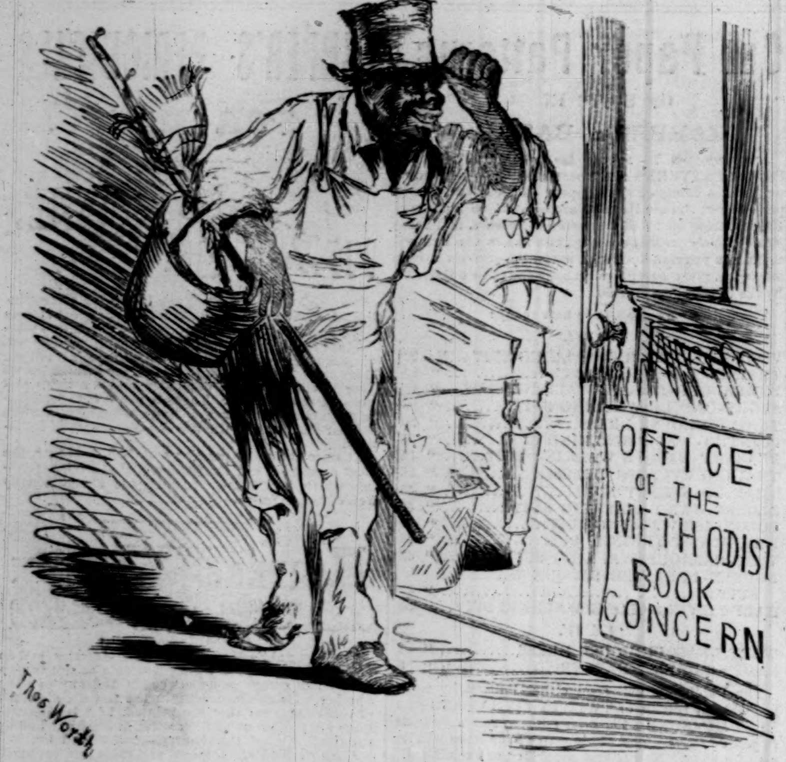
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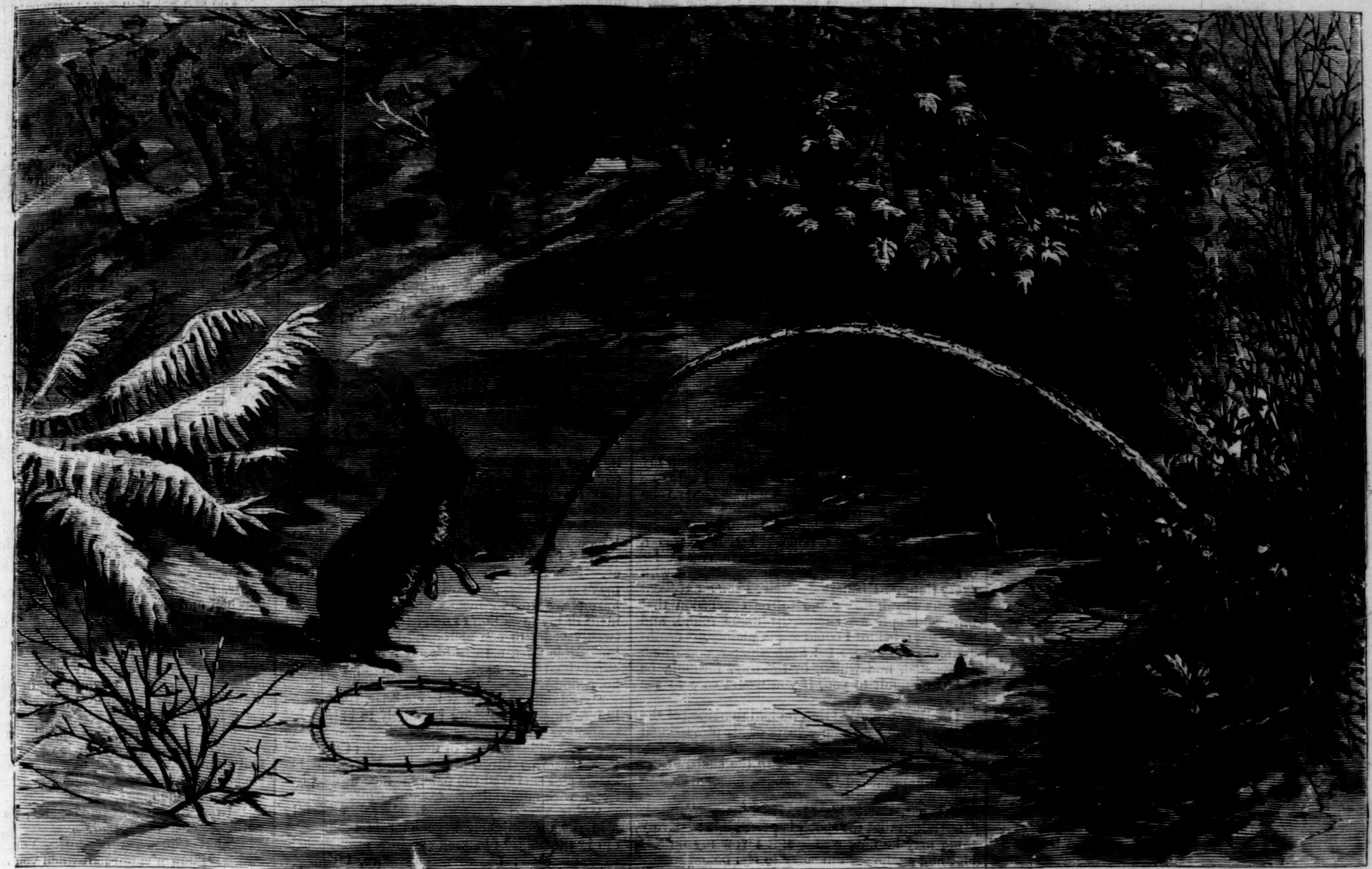
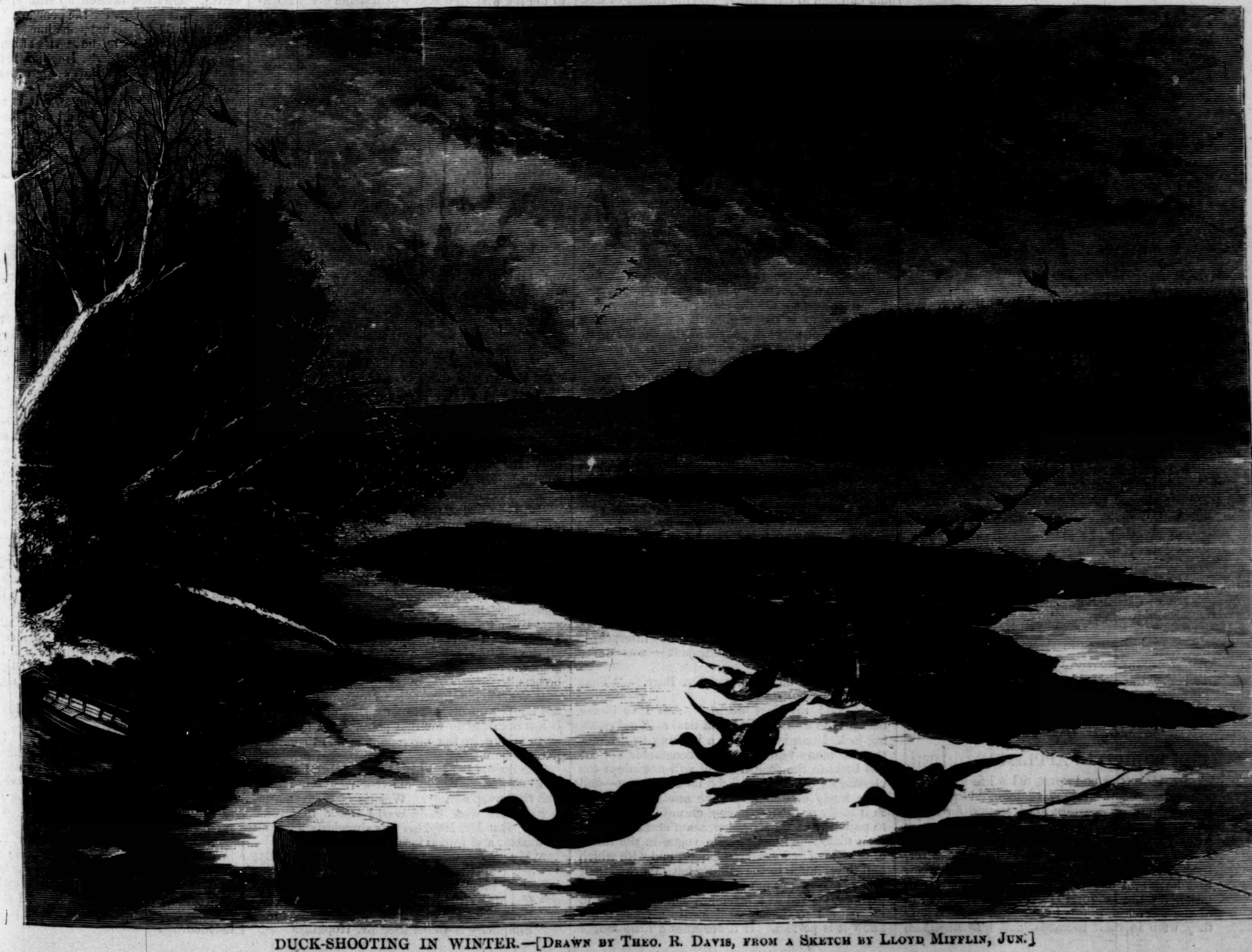


A KNOTTY PROBLEM—STARVE OR STRANGLE?—[DRAWN BY THEO. R. DAVIS, FROM A SKETCH BY LLOYD MIFFLIN, JUN.]

WINTER SPORTS.

THE two illustrations which adorn this page are very appropriate to the winter season, one being a snow and the other an ice scene. In the first a rabbit, half starved, has just emerged from the thicket, and come upon the tempting but perfidious bait of a skillfully set trap. He appears to be somewhat suspicious, and is evidently considering whether it would be prudent to make the trial.

The "Duck-Shooting" is a bit from real life. The river is frozen over, with the exception of a few open spaces, or air-holes, in which sportsmen are accustomed to place decoy-ducks. From some sheltered spot near by the gunner watches for a momentary chance for a shot. The ducks scarcely ever alight or even touch the water, for the instant they see the deception they wheel away. This is the sportsman's opportunity, when the wings are expanded and the sides



DUCK-SHOOTING IN WINTER.—[DRAWN BY THEO. R. DAVIS, FROM A SKETCH BY LLOYD MIFFLIN, JUN.]

turned toward him, and this is the moment depicted in the sketch. It is almost useless to fire when the birds are flying directly toward you, as the shot is very apt to glance from the strong feathers that protect the breast.

A HEBREW LAMENT AFTER DEFEAT.

THOU hast thrust us away to a corner
As refuse beneath.
Thou hast given our cheek to the scorner,
And broken our teeth.

Thou hast hired us to death without wages,
Because of our sins.
Thou hast fastened our feet into cages,
And trapped them in gins.

Thou hast shattered the joints of our harness
And loosened our greaves.
Thou hast made us light dross in the furnace,
Gray blight in the leaves.

Thou hast altered our marvelous places
To pasture for cranes.
Thou hast broken the flesh of our faces
With leprosy stains.

Thou hast wrought us reproof with thine arrow,
Dismay with thy spear.
Thou hast probed all our bones to the marrow,
And slain us with fear.

The rebuke of thy wasting is grievous
As death on our tribe.
Our glory and excellence leave us;
Fools mutter and gibe.

The beam of our sun's way is broken;
Our moon bows her head.
In the core of our sunset thy token
Is darkness for red.

To the field we ran under thy mantle,
Arrayed in thy name.
Behold us a fragment, a cantle,
A city of shame.

They are slain, who arose in thy shelter;
They lie gray in sleep.
In the plash of the vine-hills they welter
Like plague-eaten sheep.

They are snared in their trust. They are weaker
Than sleep, who were strong.
Will they sit with the lute-string and beaker
At feasting or song?

Will they rise and reach lips to their spouses,
And govern their hinds?
Will they rule with delight in their houses?
Weak are they as winds.

Will they whine to the snow that she spare them,
Or harbor in rain?
Can they tell thee the mother that bare them,
Or pleasure from pain?

All these have inherited silence,
Past labor, past light;
Thou hast sold them away to the islands,
Whose ocean is night.

Out of mind in the desolate porches
And precinct of shade,
They, desiring in dimness no torches,
Forget they were made.

Shall they smite with the sword, or be smitten,
Bring spoil or be spoiled?
They are past as a dream; who has written
In books how they toiled?

They were sleek in all fullness of treasure,
Sweet wine and soft bread;
They shone, till a tyrannous measure
Was dealt to them dead.

Wilt thou speak? We are melted with trouble;
They sleep, we remain;
Wilt thou save, and restore to us double
The blood of our slain?

Bring again thine own flock to their feeding
In sweet pasture ways.
In thine hand there is fullness exceeding
All fatness of days.

Thou hast broken thy vineyard in anger,
And wasted its shoots;
Thou hast said to the son of the stranger,
"Go, trample the fruits."

In rush-pits and reed-beds, uncertain,
We wander till morn.
We are clothed round with death, as a curtain,
Our raiment is scorn.

Our slain people lie in each gateway.
Our city for shroud
Has the smoke of her burning, a great way
Seen yellow in cloud.

Remove as keen hoar-frost thine evil;
Refresh drought with dew.
Restore our brave summers thy weevil
And canker-worm slew.

Bring delight in our desolate garden;
Slay these whom we hate.
Sprinkle ash in their eyes; give us pardon;
Sow grass in their gate.

THE WORLD IN APPLE-PIE ORDER.

MR. HOPKINS had devoted his life to the improvement of the family of man. No smaller family could concentrate his attention for a single moment. In pursuit of his mission, which had engaged all his waking moments since the age of fourteen, and of which he had, moreover, dreamed regularly, he went to the Sylvan Retreat, that he might show the governors of that institution for the parental treatment of persons not of the strongest minds in the world how wrong they were in their methods, and how mistaken they were in believing that there was the least need for putting restraint upon any inmate.

Mr. Hopkins was introduced to a quiet, meditative gentleman who was poring over Euclid.

"See," said Dr. Barr, in profound thought. "A great mind, not exactly cast in the conventional mould, but—"

The profound gentleman turned gently to Mr. Hopkins from his problem, observing, "Where would you draw the perpendicular?"

Smiling at his own sagacity, and at the triumph of his theory as to the inmates of the Sylvan Retreat, Mr. Hopkins indicated with his finger—"Why, there, of course."

Whereupon the profound mathematician rose, stood back a pace or two, and saying, "You would, would you!" planted his fist with tremendous force between Mr. Hopkins's eyes.

Dr. Barr immediately furnished the mathematician with a strait-waistcoat, and begged to have a few minutes' conversation with Mr. Hopkins, as soon as this philosopher had succeeded in stopping the bleeding of his nose.

"I believe, Mr. Hopkins," Dr. Barr began, having examined the damaged bridge of his visitor—"I believe you have a taste for putting the world in order—I may say, in apple-pie order."

"Dr. Barr," was Mr. Hopkins's proud reply, "from my earliest childhood—I may say almost from the year in which I could first run from my mother's knee—my mind was occupied with the duty of leaving the world just a little better than I found it. I felt—if I may use the expression—that I had a mission almost before I was short-coated. My mother remarked that I was a strange lad—as she said, "with a reason for every thing"—and ready for an experiment with every thing. I believe I adduced some excellent reasons why I had come to the conclusion that tops and bottoms should be made round, and never flat; before I could speak plainly my brothers and sisters were fed from a pap-spoon which I invented, and which, by-the-way, I should be glad to submit to you, if you would care to see it."

Dr. Barr protested that he had remained of the opinion during the many years of his professional experience that the spoon ordinarily in use was as well adapted as it need be to the shape of the human mouth, and to the conveyance of food to the human throat.

"What, doctor!" Mr. Hopkins exclaimed, "not admit that the spoon is perfectible! Every thing may be improved. But I vow my nose is bleeding again. I am sorry to feel bound to observe that medical men are, as a body, tied to all kinds of old-fashioned things. I discovered this at the opening of my career. That spoon, on which I had expended so much young and fresh thought, was laughed at by the family doctor.

Dr. Barr smiled—not incredulously—and besought Mr. Hopkins to bear in mind the weight of responsibility under which a doctor gave his advice. "We have the lives of men, women, and children in our hands; and the thread of existence is not to be experimented upon with a new-fangled instrument."

"But let me not dwell on these early beginnings in what I trust I may be permitted to call a career of usefulness to my fellow-creatures. Traces of my hand were, as I grew, to be seen in every room and corner of my father's house."

"It must have been Pandemonium!" This escaped from Dr. Barr.

"Dr. Barr, do you believe for a single moment that I sought the discomfort and not the comfort of my species? Mine were all improvements calculated, as I think I observed in the beginning of our interesting conversation, to leave the world better than I found it. I invented a noiseless roasting-jack, to give you an insignificant instance. And what was my dear mother's shrewd remark on it? why, that in all probability it would lessen the sum of human suffering more than any score of doctors put together!"

"And how so, my dear Sir?"

"The sum is not a difficult one. Take the proportion of nervous people in the world: then the proportion of the population who are compelled to cook. You see what I am driving at?"

Dr. Barr smiled, and inclined his shiny head.

"It is as plain as a pikestaff. Do you happen to know the proportion of cooks and housewives of nervous temperament who have been hurried into their graves by the clicking and ticking of the old-fashioned roasting-jack?"

"I can not charge my memory with exact statistics on the vital subject."

"Then, pray, Dr. Barr, how can you presume to estimate the amount of misery my silent jack was calculated to prevent or relieve?"

"Understand me, Mr. Hopkins; I don't say it might not have put a new face on the universe, and made every kitchen something like an anteroom to paradise: but I am listening to you. I am waiting to be instructed. Perhaps I shall be persuaded to send for one this very day; and our dinner shall be cooked by it—"

"Visionary dream!" Mr. Hopkins interposed, sadly. "My silent roasting-jack—was never adopted."

"Ha! ha! ha!" shouted Dr. Barr. "That is good!"

"Good! my dear doctor! Am I to blame because the world is blind and deaf? That roasting-jack, I can swear, was a blessing to my mother for many years. I am a benefactor not the less because the foolish world will not adopt the blessings I have planned for its enjoyment—and have freely offered it. Take another instance. Is it easily possible to have a clumsier instrument to perform the simple operation of cracking a nut than that which has been in vogue in the midst of us as long as we can remember, and with which half the children in the country have pinched their fingers? Now my nut-cracker is a little elaborate perhaps, viewed as a machine; but considered in its relation to the object it has to accomplish, I know it is perfect. If it occupies a little longer time than the ordinary instrument (for the nut must be exactly adjusted) the result is complete, satisfactory, neat—and there is no squeezing of the fingers. But, my dear doctor, I have a strange feeling in my nose. You are sure there is no fracture?"

The doctor quieted the benefactor of his species by going through a second examination of the organ which the poor mathematician had assailed.

"Sound as before you entered the Sylvan Retreat," said Dr. Barr; "only a little bruised and sore. That will go off in a few hours. Make your mind easy about it."

"That being so, permit me to ask you what is the relative proportion, in the world's affairs, of a cork-screw to a perfect button? If you have a quarter of an hour to spare, pray devote your intellectual penetrativeness to the discovery of an image, in two quantities, that will express, I repeat it, the relative value of a good cork-screw and a perfect button—in the world's affairs. I am in no hurry. I came here to pay you a visit, with the hope of suggesting some improvements to you, if not in the main principles of your treatment, then, at least, in the common strait-jacket in use: so that I am at your service—"

"Very proud—very proud indeed, Mr. Hopkins, of your favors; but unfortunately we doctors are not often masters of many minutes of our time together; and I must confess to you that this morning, in particular, I have some pressing engagements on hand which—"

"Exactly," Mr. Hopkins fell in, cheerily—"exactly. And why should they be interfered with? I once invented an appointment-reminder. Punctuality in keeping appointments is, I may say, the backbone—the essence—the soul of business. Now by means of the simple instrument of my invention (I don't think I had turned twenty years of age at the time) it was utterly impossible for a man to lose or forget a meeting—provided he wound it up, put it at the right hour, and—"

"And didn't leave it at home," Dr. Barr gruffly interrupted, beginning resolutely to button his coat.

Mr. Hopkins smiled in the delight of the new idea that was thrown to him. He folded his hands and surveyed the pale, fat face of the physician with admiration.

"Now that is exceedingly clever," presently said the indefatigable benefactor of man. "I am in the habit of looking carefully at every side of a question; but in this instance, I confess, your view escaped me."

Dr. Barr continued his preparations for his departure. He had folded his sleek person in that ample olive-colored coat which he held to be the only proper wear of his profession, and was examining it minutely to be assured that it was speckless, when he replied to Mr. Hopkins's compliment:

"Escaped you, Mr. Hopkins, did it? It seems to me the first view that would strike every sensible— Dear, dear me! here's another tear in my skirt—from that brougham door—the fourth. John must have neglected to have that handle mended again."

The doctor pulled the bell violently.

"Let me look at it, my dear doctor. In my palmy days—when I was close upon making my fortune—I so contrived the door of my brougham, that—"

"That you had to put it down altogether, Sir." Dr. Barr was in no sportive humor as he stood patting the rent in his favorite garment, and watching for the opening of the door. Here Mr. Hopkins delivered himself of a profound observation.

"It is better, Dr. Barr, to have the enjoyment of a perfect thing for a day, than of an imperfect one for a lifetime. The remembrance of that unparalleled vehicle comforts me on my longest trudges through London. Nor have I seen a carriage yet, owned by another man, that I envied him for a single moment."

John entered the room, glanced sharply and inquisitively at his master, and appeared to give the very slightest jerk of his knowing head toward the irrepressible lover of his species.

"No, no; all right," said Dr. Barr to the servant. "It's my coat, man, that's all wrong. That cursed handle! Has it been looked to?"

"I must confess, doctor—"

"Confess—nonsense. If it's not right to-morrow, take the consequences." And, by way of emphasis, Dr. Barr threw his coat over John's head. "Take it, and have it mended directly."

"Ah!" cried Mr. Hopkins, his eyes sparkling with delight, while he dived into his pockets. "In that case I shall have an opportunity of showing you my chest-expander. It is as simple as *bon jour*, as our neighbors say."

Dr. Barr threw himself into his chair, and patted his bald head—and did his very best to be resigned.

"I don't know whether you have remarked, Dr. Barr," the benefactor began, "that nearly all the ills to which flesh is heir are directly traceable to narrow chests, or, as we say, pigeon-breasts."

"Not having invented an expander, I have not buoyed up my hopes with that fallacy. But it has occurred to me that perhaps the high rate of mortality in the metropolis is due to clumsy nut-crackers."

The doctor twirled his glasses before him, and smirked and looked at his visitor. How did he like *that* wasp's sting? Was he ready for another? There were more wasps where that came from. But Mr. Hopkins was singularly deficient in humor, and impervious to sarcasm.

"My nut-cracker," he said, magnificently, "when compared with my chest-expander, is—is—as a blunderbuss compared with—a—pop-gun?" Mr. Hopkins unfolded it. "A simple contrivance, as you see, doctor."

"Simplicity is your forte, Mr. Hopkins."

"You can put it in your waistcoat-pocket."

"The very best place in which you can put it—when the fire's out." Dr. Barr kept glancing at the door, and growling to himself, "They must be making a new coat."

"The world owes this expander to the merest accident. My younger brother had broken his leg, and it had been badly set. I said so at the time. They would not use the self-adjusting everlasting splints that, as luck would have it, I had just contrived after a visit to the Charing Cross Hospital. The consequences I predicted all along came to pass. Conceive the depths of popular ignorance! I went one day into my brother's sick-room; and what do you think I saw?"

"Your brother on his back."

"Yes—and the nurse actually making his broth boil by the help of my splints!"

"Is that nurse disengaged, Mr. Hopkins?"

"Dead!" was the prompt answer. "Well, when my brother was able to crawl about, he went on crutches."

"Of your invention?"

"Fortunately not, or the accident which created this expander would never have happened. His chest would not have been contracted by my *béquilles*, Dr. Barr. It was the sight of my brother's deformity, consequent upon the long use of crutches, that moved me to create the inestimable blessing to my fellow-creatures, which, as I say, you may carry in your waistcoat-pocket. He never lived, alas! to wear it, and to know how true and devoted a brother he had in me."

"He died?" the desperate doctor interposed, just to say something by way of keeping down his impatience.

Mr. Hopkins had taken out his pocket-handkerchief and was mopping his eyes.

"Forgive the emotion which those days recall to me! forgive me—you who are so accustomed to see weeping relatives—"

"Quite so—quite so; cry away," said the doctor, stooping. "But you have dropped something. A nail!"—handing it back to the benefactor.

"Ha!" Mr. Hopkins thrust his handkerchief vigorously back into his pocket, took the nail from Dr. Barr, and held it up daintily between his thumb and forefinger. "Now guess—just give one guess."

"Upon my word, Mr. Hopkins, I see a nail; nothing more than a nail."

"That won't do: no, no! You, a doctor, and not know a coffin-nail when you see one!"

Mr. Hopkins's eyes, that but a moment since were brimmed with tears (at least he had sponged them with his handkerchief), now sparkled.

"You are pleased to jest," the indignant physician said, haughtily. Dr. Barr, it may be noticed, in parenthesis, was one of those many gentlemen who, prone to show what little spiteful light they have at the expense of their friends, never suffer a spark to be directed against themselves. He drew himself up with great dignity, and set a stony face for the poor Mr. Hopkins to contemplate. It so happens, however, that men who are volunteers in the service of humanity are not easily abashed. Mr. Hopkins, in superb unconsciousness of Dr. Barr's aggressive attitude, proceeded:

"Out of evil good comes. It is an ill wind blows nobody good. We all must die; but permit me to qualify the well-known remark with this—that it is no reason why we should not be buried in perfect coffins. You see this coffin-nail?"

"Not being blind," by the doctor, bowing with studied solemnity.

"I see you do, by your gravity. Gravity becomes the subject. It is a coffin-nail of my own invention. A lady's thumb has more than force enough to drive it home. You remember the intolerable rat-tat of an undertaker's shop. To live in the vicinity of a coffin-maker is to endure a perpetual flow of bad spirits. On a wet, foggy November afternoon—the very day a bill falls due you can not meet, when your wife is ill up stairs, and the doctor's brougham is waiting at the gate—to hear this eternal rat-tat sounding from the black shop opposite, is to have a cup of bitterness as full as hard London can mix it. Now take the rat-tat away, and you remove nine-tenths of the misery. I shouldn't remember the undertaker's shop at all; I shouldn't be drawn to the window. The raven wouldn't be forever sitting above my chamber door—or, at any rate, he might sit and I should never notice him. Hence this patent coffin-nail, my dear doctor, which I hold between my thumb and forefinger. The very gentlest pressure of the hand, and it is firm in the roof of our narrow bed! I said just now that it is an ill wind blows nobody good."

"And that we all must die," Dr. Barr added.

"True. Well, it was my brother's death that was the origin of this solace I have been spared to bestow upon the human race."

John entered with the mended coat; and Dr. Barr jumped from his chair to meet the relief. Still Mr. Hopkins sat, with the nail between his thumb and forefinger. John looked anxiously at his master. He was alert for the signal. Was it time to remove the party?

The doctor smiled, and shook his head, and shrugged his shoulders.

"I see it is not to your taste. In the Sylvan Retreat the coffin-maker's hammer is never heard." Mr. Hopkins folded the nail in a worn piece of tissue paper, saying the while, "But the particular subject that brought me here was a little improvement I have to suggest in padded rooms."

"Man alive!" shouted Dr. Barr, "you would improve the rising sun!—the robin as he pecks at your window!—and suggest some amendments in the distribution of the Milky Way!"

Mr. Hopkins, his head perched sideways, his lips apart, and his eyes beaming on the doctor, listened.

"Don't you think, Mr. Hopkins, that a man who has only eight fingers and two thumbs—"

"As a rule," Hopkins interjected.

"Well, granted, as a rule. Don't you think that a being so constituted should be content when he has, say, ten pies to dabble in?"

"I hardly follow you, Dr. Barr. But you are leading up to my improvement in the old-fashioned strait-waistcoat, I presume?"

John could hardly refrain from making a dart upon Mr. Hopkins. Dr. Barr smiled, and being now well prepared for his exit, and, as he felt, master of the situation, was even gracious, as he continued;

"The strait-waistcoat, Mr. Hopkins, is not a matter easily disposed of. No, no; I was considering, and begging you to consider, the number of pies with which a man should meddle at one and the same time."

"And a very pretty subject too," said Mr. Hopkins, dropping his hat upon the carpet, and disposing himself for a weighty argument.

"Tut, tut!" from the doctor; "I have no time for argument. I am over-due. Another time—"

"Just one moment, while I show you the ingenuity of the self-adjusting buckle, and tell you how I was led up to the discovery of—"

"I have patients waiting, Mr. Hopkins."

"It will not occupy—"

"Two, dying—"

"They'll wait five minutes, I'm sure."

"The man's mad! Good-morning, Mr. Hopkins. Another time, Sir; another time."

Dr. Barr sailed majestically away. John remained, his eye fixed on Mr. Hopkins, who shrugged his shoulders, muttering to himself that the world was blind.

* * * * * *

Dr. Barr was reclining after the fatigues of the day, chatting with his wife over his claret.

"Most extraordinary fellow was with me this morning, my dear. Universal genius. Was ready to improve the face of the moon, and had original ideas on every thing, to the twist of a sucking-pig's tail. Some of his ideas were not bad. But such a character! You shall see him next time he calls. He will amuse you."

John entered the room.

"Please, doctor, could I speak to you for one moment?"

"Speak, my man," said the doctor, putting on a superb judicial air.

"Mr. Sharpsett would be glad if you would step round and see the new gentleman. He's uncommon violent. The douche has done him no good—"

"What new gentleman, John?"

"Of this morning, doctor."

Dr. Barr started from his chair, a horrible suspicion stealing over him.

"Explain, man!"

"Why, the gentleman of this morning—him as wanted to put all the world in apple-pie order. He's been in a strait-waistcoat ever since; and me and Mr. Tom had a tough job in gettin' it on, doctor."

THE LAST GREAT SIEGE OF PARIS (1589–1590).

A REVOLTED capital was a part of the troublesome legacy which Henry the Third, the last king of the race of Valois, left to his legitimate successor. The effeminate son of Catherine de Medicis had alternately disgusted his subjects by his inordinate luxury and profligacy, and vexed them with hypocritical displays of a religious zeal which was evidently only assumed from interested motives. It was hard to say whether they felt greater loathing for their anointed sovereign when they saw him dressed like an Amazon, and surrounded by a knot of his *mignons* similarly accoutred, or giving audience to foreign embassadors with a basketful of little pet dogs dangling from his neck, and heard the too faithful account of the infamous orgies in which he participated; or when they beheld him walking, with bare head and feet, in a procession of "flagellants," pretending to seek the favor of Heaven by bodily mortification such as no king of France before him had ever stooped to accept. After a while the farce became too transparent to impose upon the most credulous adherents of the Church, and Henry found himself confronted by a new "League for the Defense of the Faith," which was even more hostile to the royal authority than to the heretics against whom it was ostensibly directed. After in vain attempting to subordinate the dangerous engine to his own designs, and discovering that it had been fabricated altogether in the interest of the aspiring family of Guise, he came into open collision with it. He forbade the Duke of Guise from coming to Paris; the duke boldly entered the city and was received by the populace with regal honors. Henry called in Swiss mercenaries to maintain his authority. In a few hours Paris was full of barricades; the Swiss were hemmed in, and they would have been killed to a man had not the insolent duke himself interposed and assumed the rôle of a peace-maker. But Henry had no relish for a palace where he owed his own safety to the protection of an overgrown subject, who was at the same time his capital enemy. So he stealthily escaped from the Louvre, and made his way toward the south, resolved never to return except as a conqueror. A few months later the breach between the king and his mutinous capital widened into an impassable chasm. The Guises were not yet ready to throw off the mask, and openly enter into the lists with the king as claimants of the throne once held by their reputed ancestor, Charlemagne. The queen-mother had consequently little difficulty in patching up an insincere reconciliation. With what intentions Henry the Third had agreed to it became evident at Blois, when by his orders the Duke of Guise was stabbed to death by assassins at the door of the audience-chamber, and his brother, the cardinal, suffered a like fate a few hours later, the king, with strange inconsistency, being at that very moment in attendance upon matins in the private chapel of the castle.

Treachery generally recoils upon its perpetrators. It was so in this instance. Paris and a great part of France flew into open revolt. The clergy, who recently panegyrized Henry at a time when he persecuted the Church's enemies, now denounced him as a blood-thirsty tyrant, and the king, finding no support in any other direction, turned to the young King of Navarre and his Huguenot soldiers as affording the last hope of recovering the kingdom, of which a great part had already slipped from his grasp. In the park of the old castle of Plessis les Tours, Henry of Valois and Henry of Bourbon met for the first time in many years, and, if we may credit contemporary chroniclers, with every demonstration of joy and delight. "A good quarter of an hour," says one, "did they struggle to approach one another, and could not for the press; but when they at length succeeded they affectionately embraced, while *tears big as peas* coursed down their cheeks!" However heartless this show of love, there was one point in respect to which both Henrys were cordially united, and that was the speedy reduction of Paris—a city which each had sufficient reasons of his own for hating. On the 24th of May, 1589, a small detachment of royal troops made its appearance in the neighborhood of the capital, and threw the inhabitants into consternation; but it did little or no damage to the city by the few shots which were fired from the rude ordnance then in use. It was not until July that the two kings prepared to lay a regular siege, and took positions on the southwest of Paris—Henry of Navarre at Meudon, and Henry the Third a little farther north, at Saint Cloud. On this commanding height, enjoying an extended view of the tortuous Seine, there stood an elegant pleasure-house, the property of the Cardinal of Gondi, who, like the great majority of the French prelates, had thrown in his lot with the rebellious League. Here, with the towers of Notre Dame in plain sight from his windows, Henry the Third made his final arrangements for the expected struggle.

Meanwhile the environs had been ravaged alike by both parties. If there was any difference between the partisans of the king and those of the League, it was that the former were more merciful than the latter. The villagers bitterly complained that they suffered more at the hands of their pretended friends than from their foes. Not only so, but the simple countrymen were justly scandalized at the dexterity with which these champions of the faith, who were fighting to exterminate all that defied the authority of the Church, themselves dispensed with its prescriptions. It must be confessed that their method of justifying their uncanonical use of meat on fast-days was at once novel and ingenious. "Placing the points of their daggers at the throats of the parish priests," writes one who was in the city at the time, "they used to compel them to *baptize*—that was the very word they employed—their calves, sheep, swine, kids, hens, and capons, and confer upon them the names of pike, carp, trout, herring, and salmon." Some plain folk, not satisfied that the sacrament, even when thus administered by priestly hands, had really performed the transformation necessary to make the meal an innocent one, complained of the abuse to the leading general, the Duke of Mayenne; but he only deigned to reply that they must be patient, for he had need of all his pawns to checkmate his opponent. Nor were the heads of the League more scrupulous as to the means they employed in order to maintain the courage of their deluded followers. Of reports of victories, never won save on paper, there was no end. As during the present war, the Parisians were systematically fed on lies. Not even the shame of detection deterred Mayenne and his colleagues from new fabrications. We have before us the diary of a literary man, a devoted loyalist at heart, who resided in Paris during the siege, and collected with indefatigable zeal all the pamphlets and fly-sheets with which the city was flooded. In one place he tells us of a couple of stout volumes in his library, containing upward of a hundred accounts of victories over the king's forces which had never occurred, but which had been invented to fire the flagging courage of the populace. The generals of the League, according to L'Etoile, did not hesitate to go even further, and attest their imaginary triumphs by ostentatiously displaying the standards that had been taken from the enemy. In fact, Madame De Montpensier was said to have an ample supply of these fictitious trophies in readiness to be brought out whenever the occasion demanded their exhibition. It was more than hinted that of the six stands of colors hung up in the cathedral of Notre Dame after a success of the rebels in the vicinity of Tours, full a half had never been near the battle-field.

The preparations which the two kings had long been making portended no good to the devoted city; but one of those unlooked-for events which so often come in to disturb the calculations of the most sagacious, and to demonstrate the existence of a higher Power that shapes the destinies of men and of nations, averted for a little while the impending blow. On Tuesday, the 1st of August, 1589, Henry the Third received a mortal wound at the hands of Jacques Clement, a fanatical monk of the order of St. Dominick, who had insinuated himself into the king's room on the pretext of bringing him an important letter from Paris. It was stated by those who considered themselves well informed respecting the matter that, by a singular coincidence, the place was the identical one where, seventeen years before, in his brother's reign, Henry had himself planned the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day. The room, the day of the year, even the very hour, were the same. By his death, which occurred the next day, the crown of France fell to Henry of Navarre. But he was not at once able to prosecute the siege. The late king's troops in large numbers left him for their homes, some with, others without leave, and within a week the new monarch found a decent pretext for breaking up the siege in the necessity he was under of accompanying the royal remains to their burial-place.

Six weeks later, with a small force of 500 horse, 1200 French foot, and 2500 Swiss, Henry the Fourth defeated the Duke of Mayenne's army of from 25,000 to 30,000 men at Arques, near the English Channel; and in a month more, with recruits three or four times as numerous as his original victorious troops, he returned to Paris. Again he made his approach from the south, lodging his soldiers in the villages of Vaugirard, Montrouge, and Gentilly. These places were at a considerable distance from the fortifications of the Paris of those days. Even on the right bank of the Seine the city wall did not reach the present Boulevards toward the west, but came down to the river in the vicinity of the Tuileries; while the smaller portion of Paris on the left bank lay east of the Louvre, and only stretched as far south as the modern Pantheon. Outside of this inclosure, however, the suburbs or *faubourgs* occupied a very considerable space; especially the faubourgs Saint Jacques and Saint Germain. On the morning of the 31st of October Henry made himself master of these suburbs, which even then were densely inhabited. A heavy fog had during the night been hanging over the city; but about six o'clock, just as the Huguenot soldiers had risen from their knees, after the prayer with which they always closed their preparations for battle, the mist, "as by a miracle," suddenly rose. The veterans rushed forward upon the prize now disclosed to their view, with the eager haste of men who had been long exiled from their country's capital, and who still had a vivid recollection of the past. Their significant battle-cry was "*Saint Barthélemy!*" It struck terror into the surprised Parisians, eight hundred of whom, it is said, fell victims to their impetuous assailants. After the conflict the rugged Bearnese prince, worn out with fatigue, gladly threw himself on a little fresh straw, as he had often done before, and rested for a few hours. Wishing afterward to inspect the promised land, which it sometimes seemed that he was not destined ever to tread, he embraced the opportunity to visit the celebrated Abbey Church of St. Germain des Prés, and ascend its lofty bell-tower. His sole companion was a monk. The circumstance did not at first strike the king as remarkable; but he afterward confessed that as he stood there the thought that he might have beside him another friar Clement, with a knife concealed under his conventual habit, gave him the greatest fright he had ever experienced.

But even after this brilliant success, the stay of Henry the Fourth before the walls of Paris was again a very brief one. His army was too small to take the city by assault, and the arrival of Mayenne, who had closely followed him, prevented him from attempting to reduce it by famine. He preferred, therefore, to withdraw to a short distance, and endeavor to provoke his antagonist to a pitched battle outside of the walls. In this, however, Henry was unsuccessful; and he reluctantly abandoned the vicinity of Paris to institute a brilliant campaign, by which, in the course of the next two months, he brought back the provinces of Touraine, Anjou, and Maine to their allegiance, and gained over by his prudence no less than fifteen important towns.

On the 14th of March, in the next year (1590), Henry obtained a second and more signal victory over the Duke of Mayenne at Ivry, a little over forty miles west of Paris. The result was decisive. In less than an hour, as Henry himself wrote on the same day to the Mayor of Langres, the cavalry of the enemy had abandoned the infantry and fled. The Swiss mercenaries then surrendered in a body—colonels, captains, and soldiers, with all their colors. The German lansquenets and the French troops, he added, had no leisure to follow their example; twelve hundred of each were killed, the rest taken prisoners, or driven in disorder into the woods, and left to the mercy of the peasants. An army of two thousand horse and eight thousand foot had routed a superior force, said to consist of four thousand horse and twelve thousand foot, had destroyed the greater part, and taken away all its artillery.

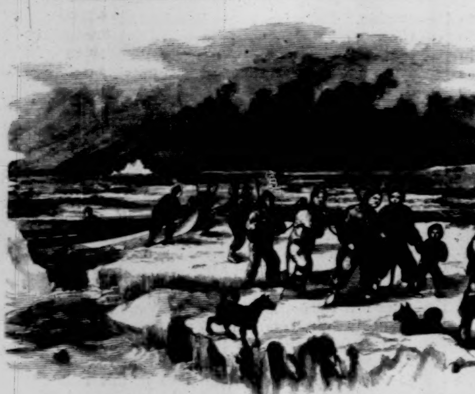
If Henry had marched directly upon Paris after this victory, it is the deliberate opinion of Pierre Corneio, a violent partisan of the League, who wrote a contemporary account, that he would without resistance have taken the city, and have obtained easily what afterward cost him so much to pursue, although unsuccessfully. There were dissensions within the walls, in consequence of the lack of a single acknowledged head. There was a total want of munitions of war. Only a single gun was mounted upon the walls, the rest having been removed and lost in previous engagements. The walls themselves were so dilapidated that in many places the inhabitants had no trouble in climbing up or descending, as occasion required. What was worse, in case of attempted resistance, there was no store of provisions—not bread and wine enough for two weeks. Our chronicler regards it as a special interposition of Heaven in behalf of Paris, and as a mark of Henry's intoxication at his success, that he delayed his coming, and thus permitted a pretty liberal supply to be admitted into the capital. It may be considered characteristic of the country and of the times, that over against three thousand hogsheads of grain of various sorts thus introduced, there figure in the account some *ten thousand* hogsheads of *wine*. When Henry did arrive, it was too late to capture the city by a single assault, if indeed he desired it, and he was compelled to try the painful and uncertain method of starvation. For this purpose, he seized the towns of Corbeil, on the upper Seine, and Lagny, upon the Marne, thus severing the arteries through which the heart of France received its vital support. At the same time all the other and less important avenues were cut off. It was not long before the effects of these measures manifested themselves within the beleaguered city. Want first overtook the artisans, who had never been accustomed to provide for more than their immediate wants, and who in the general destitution of work, soon experienced the pangs of hunger. This distress was temporarily relieved by the execution of an order enjoining upon all persons, of whatever station in life, who had a greater quantity of wheat than would last two months, to offer it in the market for sale. Soon, however, this supply failed, and an attempt was made to send out of the city a few thousands of the poor, who must evidently be the next victims of famine; but the besiegers refused to permit their work to be protracted by relieving the pressure upon the city. *Seven or eight thousand* persons had already died, and the daily mortality was rapidly increasing.

Recourse was now had to the ecclesiastics, who were informed that they would be required to undertake the support of all the poor for the next two weeks. Great was the grumbling, and the rector of the Jesuits in particular objected strenuously to the visitation which formed an essential part of the plan. The reason became apparent in good time. The Jesuit house was found to contain food enough for an entire year, and the Capuchins, whose vow bound them to poverty, and who were supposed to depend upon what they begged from day to day, were equally well provided. From eating dogs and cats, the miserable Parisians were driven to still greater extremities. The skins of animals, even the very entrails that had been thrown into the kennel, were eagerly sought and ravenously devoured. Now the rich themselves began to fall before a calamity from which even wealth could give no immunity. In the very household of the Duchess of Montpensier, a servant-woman died of hunger. A wealthy gentleman, lying dangerously ill, for whom the physician had prescribed the somewhat singular remedy of *a dog's brains*, sought in vain for the commodity in a city where the quadruped in question, in ordinary times, was any thing but rare. Not a dog could be found in the streets; the whole race had long since fallen a prey to the omnivorous throats of the famishing. At last the sick man bethought him of the favorite lap-dog of Madame de Montpensier; and knowing that his cousin, who was at the time *prévôt des marchands*, the most important magistrate of the city, was well acquainted with the lady, he begged him to take chains and rings to the value of 2000 crowns and offer them in exchange. But neither gold nor compassion moved the duchess. "You see," she said, "the famine that threatens us all with a cruel death, unless the King of Spain soon sends us succor. I can not do less than reserve my little dog against such necessity as that of your cousin, if it please God to send it." It is even said that, on the recommendation of Mendoza, the Spanish envoy, a revolting bread was baked and eaten, of which the principal ingredient was the ground bones exhumed from the cemeteries. The people nicknamed it Madame De Montpensier's bread; but the duchess took care not to partake of it, and with good reason, since all who tasted of it were reported to have died. At last, in the desperation of famine, a mother was even known to have eaten the bodies of her own children who had perished of hunger. Happily for the world, she did not long survive the Thyestian feast. When her heirs came to search in her house, not so much for gold as for food, they discovered, to their horror, the remnants of the unnatural repast, and for the first time learned that their kinswoman had long been subsisting on the salted flesh of her own offspring. If such were the straits to which a woman reputed to be worth 30,000 crowns was driven, the misery of the extremely poor during the four months of the siege can scarcely be imagined.

Yet, after all, Paris did not fall. Its desperate perseverance in adhering to a bad cause was finally rewarded by deliverance. After long hoping against hope, the wretched inhabitants learned that the Prince of Parma, the general of Philip II., had actually crossed the Flemish frontier. In a few days more he was near Meaux, having formed a junction with the army of the League commanded by the Duke of Mayenne. Henry, who might have captured Paris, perhaps, more than once, by assault, now abandoned the siege to go out and meet his adroit antagonist. How he was foiled and outgeneraled by Alexander Farnese, we can not here narrate.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF LOUNGING.

LOUNGING is an admirable thing in its way. There are few positive enjoyments which equal the negative enjoyment of doing nothing, and taking your time to do it leisurely and completely. An important part of the philosophy of life consists in lounging at the proper place and time. It is only in rest that you can store up force. A man has a good deal of work to do; things would be bad for him if he had not. They are bad for him if he is lounging while he should be laboring. Yet this lounging is exceedingly pleasant. To many people it is more attractive than any thing else in the world. It is partly the enjoyment of rest, partly an unwillingness to come up to the scratch in the way of work, partly the enjoyment of giving free moderate play to one's faculties. In the "Memoir" of young Hallam it is mentioned that he was very fond of going about in men's rooms talking with them during the morning, and at such times he doubtless talked his best. Lord Rochester said that sauntering was the true Sultana of the affections.



SURVEYING IN GREENLAND.

Travel and Adventure.

PREPARED
EXPRESSLY FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NIGHTS NEAR THE NORTH POLE.

CHAPTER II.

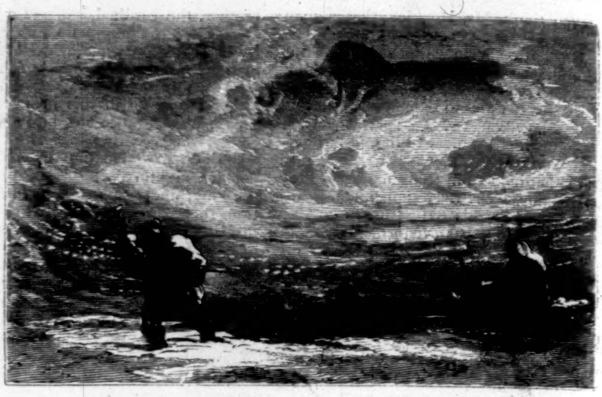
Dr. Kane's Expedition.—A Land of Terrors.—A long Imprisonment in Ice.—Frightful Overland Journey.—Arctic Phenomena.—Magnificent Auroral Displays.

FOR several years the arctic zone was peopled with heroes. The unselfish labors and rare endurance of these wonderful men can scarcely be equaled in history. Richardson, M'Crae, and Simpson made their way by land to the shores of the arctic ocean, slept on the frozen earth, and waded through perpetual snows. Haggard, faint, and wan, they lost the semblance of human beings; governed alone by a single generous impulse, they defied the rigors of the climate and the dangers of the unknown shore. Some perished in the inclement waste; some returned to relate adventures and trials such as have seldom fallen to the lot of man. But the sea was equally fruitful of adventures. It would be impossible even to sketch the labors of the various expeditions that penetrated the straits and channels of the north in search of the lost hero of arctic discovery. Some future historian will condense in a brilliant chapter the literature of the stirring period; yet we may review briefly a single tale of heroism which can never be forgotten.

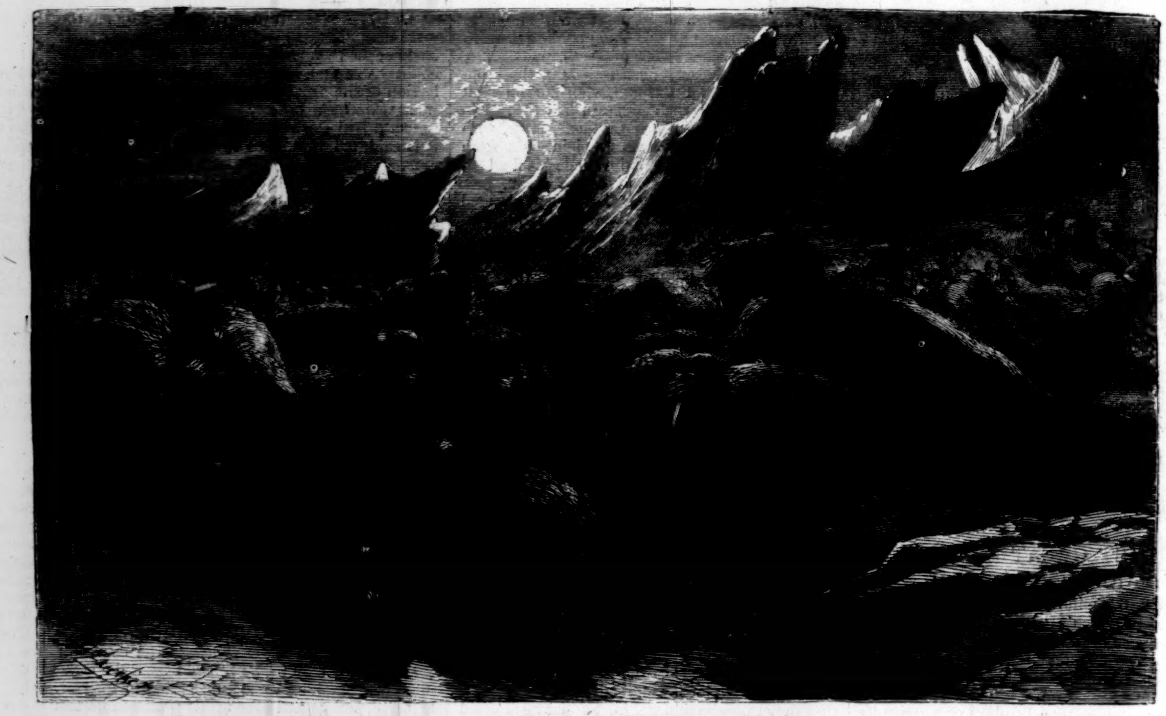
In the last days of May, 1853, Dr. Kane passed out of the harbor of New York on his way to the polar seas. He was full of enthusiasm, and was followed by the sympathy and good wishes of many devoted friends. In many particulars he was well fitted to join the brilliant company of the explorers who, from Barentz and Hudson to Franklin or Ross, have striven to penetrate the polar mysteries. He was a man of active intellect, filled with a single engrossing aim. His mind was vigorous and refined; his delicate yet active form was capable of singular endurance. From early youth he had ever been eager to excel. His aspiring nature had now turned all its energies to the resolution of a famous problem, which had baffled all other investigators; and he set out cheerfully and full of ardor to meet those labors and sufferings of which his narrative gives so striking and so touching an account. His journey over the ice to the far north, until he fell down, wasted by scurvy, to be brought back by his scarcely more vigorous companions; his voyage in an open boat on the wild waters of Baffin Bay; his last effort to escape from his imprisoned ship over many miles of frozen ocean; the terrible sufferings of his diseased and famished crew; his unvarying cheerfulness, his courage, and his success—have placed him in the front rank of eminent discoverers.

Yet in the opening of his voyage all was prosperous. His single ship, the *Advance*, a brig of only one hundred and forty-four tons, reached the coast of Greenland in July, and was soon struggling amidst the ice of Baffin Bay on her way to Smith's Sound. The arctic landscape around the voyagers was gloomy and solemn beyond description. The shores were immense masses of barren rock, enormous precipices, and frightful cliffs; the interior of the land seemed only an endless glacier. The sea was filled with dangerous ice, and the little vessel made her solitary way to the north, crashing through the broken floes, and skirting a treacherous coast, whose aspect was desolation.

At length before the voyagers arose two wild and lofty peaks, capes Alexander and Isabella, the portals of Smith's Sound. Beyond them stretched the perilous strait which was believed to lead directly into the polar sea. Kane pressed on. Yet he was not unconscious of his danger; and on a desolate island amidst the icy waves he left a boat, a supply of provisions, and a beacon, or cairn, that in case of shipwreck some hope of safety might remain, and that, should any one come in search of him, they might find some traces of his course. A shadow seemed to rest upon the whole party as they passed into the stormy entrance, from which the *Advance* was never to return. It was late in August; the year was fading out. The cliffs grew wilder and the storms fiercer as they struggled onward toward the pole; and Kane at last found himself in the grasp of floating seas of ice, that closed forever the passage through the strait. He was tossed in fierce tempests, and nearly crushed in the conflict of the floes; was almost lost on the desolate coast. With wonderful labors and dangers he was enabled to draw the *Advance* into a secure harbor, where she was soon locked up in an icy prison, from which he was never able to rescue her, and where for two years the adventurous party were to remain the inhabitants of the outer verge of the polar land. It is probable that no other human beings, at that moment, were living so near the pole. For two arctic nights the adventurers were imprisoned at Rensselaer Harbor. At first they were scarcely conscious of the dangers that hung over them. The vessel was fitted up for a winter home; provisions were plenty. They built their observatory, and made many instructive excursions over the realm of ice. But as the deep night settled upon the scene, and their spirits sank in the gloomy inaction, the scurvy made its appearance; their faces grew pale and haggard, their limbs were stiff and heavy; and Kane, when the spring came on, the usual season of arctic exploration over the ice, saw with dismay the ravages made by the perpetual darkness in his once vigorous and hopeful companions. They had become aged in a single winter. The supplies of his vessel, consisting largely of salted food, were certain to foster the disease; and yet it was impossible to procure any other means of subsistence. Fuel, too, was scarce, and even already the few comforts of the suffering crew were diminished by a sad necessity. How could they hope to survive the coming months of spring without some alleviation of their misfortunes! What must be their fate unless they could extricate their vessel from the ice! Late in March a party of the strongest of the diseased and desponding crew was sent out upon a distant exploration. They were absent many days, and nothing had been heard from them. At midnight Kane and his feeble companions were at work, cheerfully sewing their moccasins of skins by the blaze of their lamps; they were startled by a noise on deck; three men rushed into the cabin, swollen, livid, and distorted, their faculties almost lost in cold, hunger, and despair. It was a part of the exploring party, who had made their way to the vessel to seek assistance for their companions. They had left them, frozen and disabled, on the ice; but so deadened were their mental powers that they could remember nothing of the place—not even the direction from whence they had come.

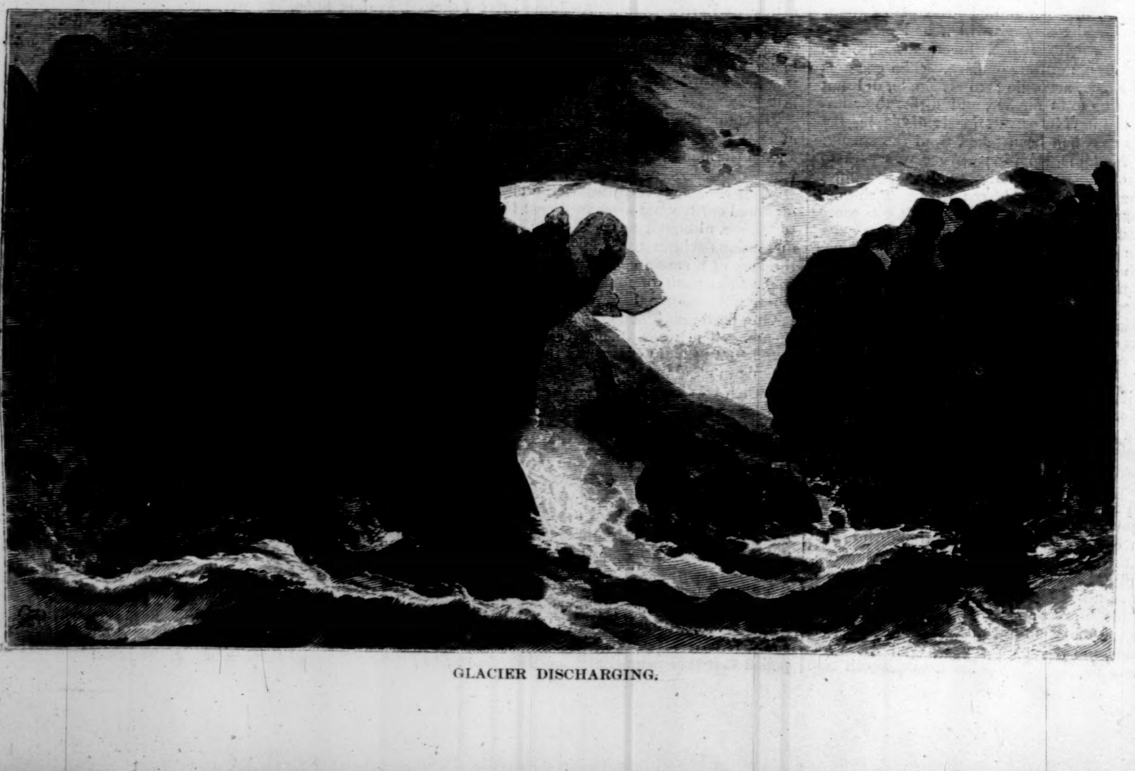


THROUGH THE SNOW.

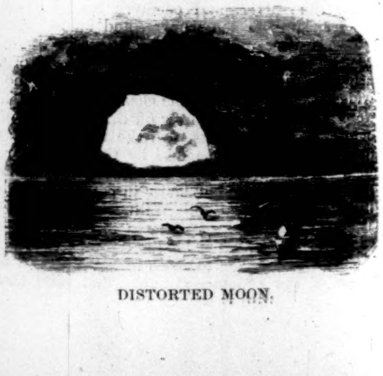


WALRUSES ON THE ICE.

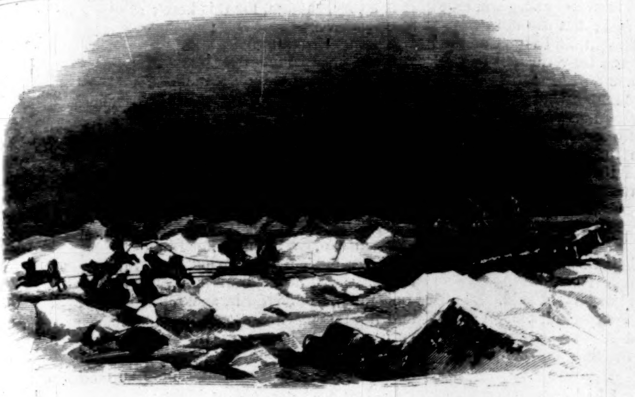
Not a moment could be lost. Kane prepared to set out in search of his suffering crew. The sledge was prepared; Ohlsen, one of the three who had returned, was placed, asleep, in his fur bag upon it, and the party moved as swiftly as they were able over the ice to the rescue of their friends. The thermometer marked forty-six degrees below zero. They carried only the clothes they wore; and for eighteen hours they wandered over the limitless solitude of ice. They then found that they had lost their way, and paused to search for traces of the wanderers. But they could not rest long, for they had no fire, and the cold had deepened. They pressed on; they trembled with cold and want of food, and twice Dr. Kane fainted in the snow. In the dreadful contest between human endurance and the terrors of the arctic climate, aided by hunger and fatigue, it seemed hardly possible that the rescuers could escape the fate of those they strove to save. But they came upon a solitary track through the snow, and stumbling onward, with intellects shaken and disordered by intense suffering, they saw at length before them a small American flag floating from a hill of ice, and below, the tent in which their frozen companions lay. Kane entered it first. It was dark and si-



GLACIER DISCHARGING.



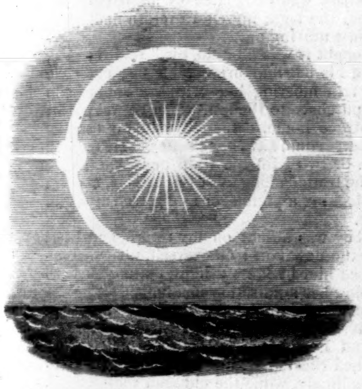
DISTORTED MOON.



OVER THE ICE.

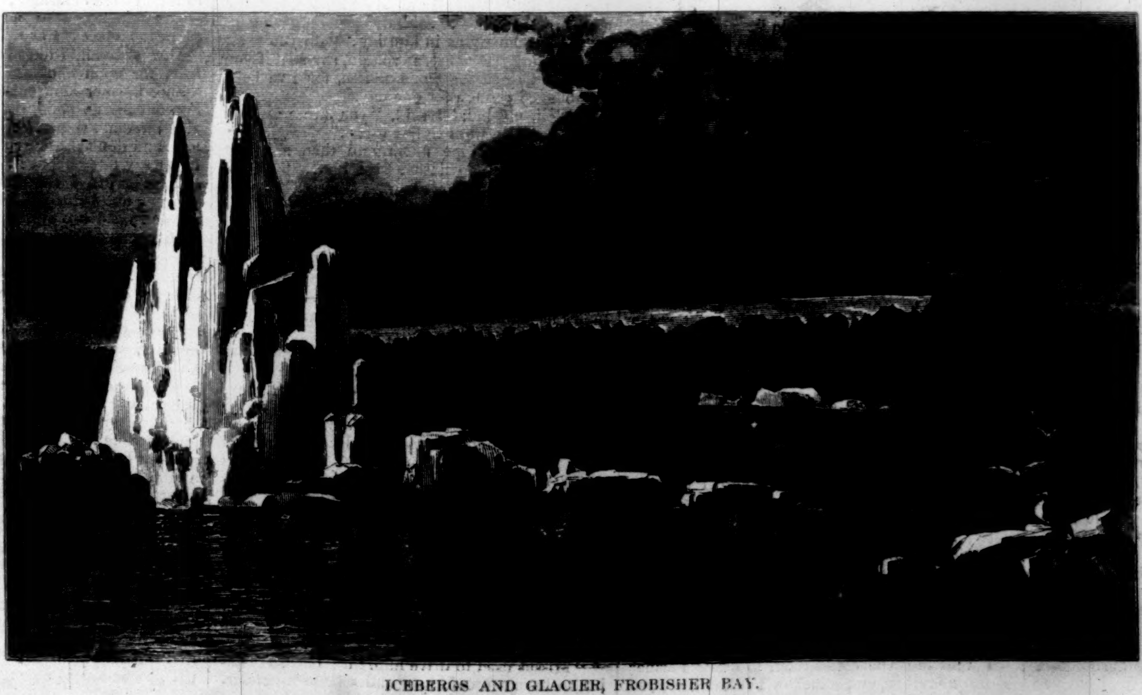
lent. But a shout of joy from the four sufferers broke upon him, and the feeble cheers of the party without joined in the cry of hope.

Fifteen men, half crazed with cold and faint with disease, were now gathered in the lonely tent in the midst of the arctic seas. They were ninety miles from their ship. Their road lay over a rough path of ice covered with snow, and they were to drag their sick on the sledge with the remains of strength left them by their previous labors. The thermometer had sunk to fifty-five degrees below zero. They did not dare to sleep long lest they might never wake. The sick, sewn up in heaps of skins, were placed upon the sledge; the party assembled, and breathing a short prayer to the God of the universe, began to drag their heavy load over the rugged road. Almost every man was frost-bitten and benumbed; yet for six hours they were enabled to move slowly onward.



PARHELIA, OR MOCK SUN, AS SEEN AT FIELD BAY, MARCH 14, 1861.

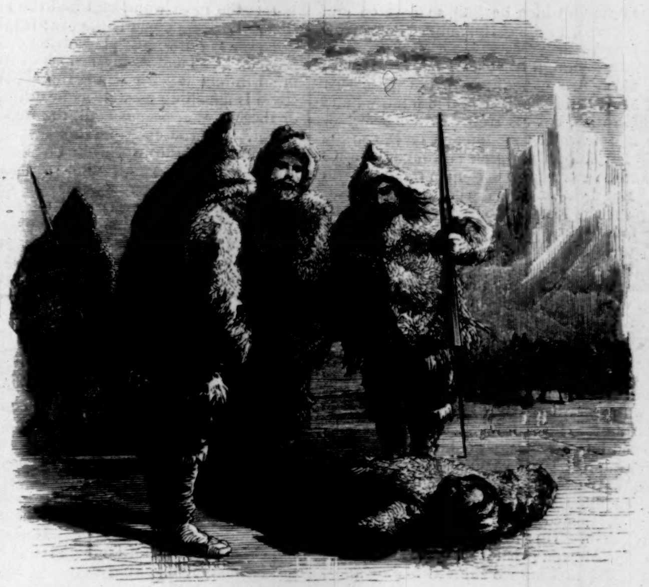
But now the powers of nature seemed to yield at last; the strongest sank under the biting wind and the incredible toil; some fell, speechless and hopeless, in the snow-drifts; they no longer felt the cold, but all begged to be allowed to lie down in sweet and peaceful sleep. Kane kept them awake by constant efforts—how, he could scarcely remember or conceive. They reached the tent they had left, half-way, and slept. Once more they waked, and pressing on in a strange stupor, clambering over tall hills of ice and stumbling into snowy ravines, halting at short intervals to fall down, half sleeping, in the snow, and then rising to drag on again the heavy sledge, they at last arrived, after three days of unexampled horrors, at the safe shelter of their ship. All were saved. But when Kane endeavored to recall the events of the latter part of the journey, he could only remember that he must long have been delirious, and that when he reached his vessel he had given orders and made speeches that were only the ravings of his madness.



ICEBERGS AND GLACIER, FROBISHER BAY.

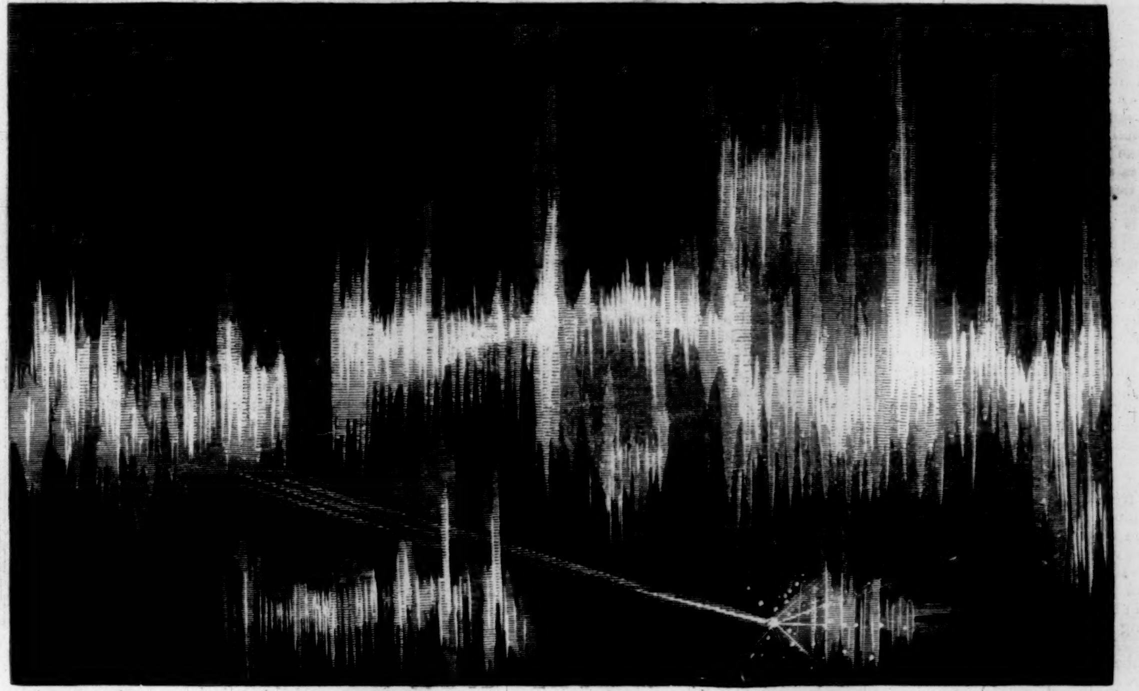
Death now began to thin their numbers. Baker, Kane's early friend, died; Schubert soon followed him. The cabin was full of hopeless sufferers, when the sudden approach of a party of Esquimaux gave them some aid, and the return of the seal and the walrus helped to relieve the sick. The courage of the heroic band revived, and they set out on various exploring journeys that have covered the expedition with historic interest.

Feeble and faint, they traveled to the north, and discovered Humboldt Glacier, the most wonderful of all the Greenland shore, from whose vast barrier, fifty miles long and three hundred feet high, a throng of icebergs fall into the summer waves, and fill up the stately fleets that annually—an armada of gold and gems—sail down the blue waters of Baffin Bay. They penetrated to the interior valleys, and Kane clambered over the ice to the northward, until he fell down, overpowered by disease, and was brought back almost dying to his ship. They grew familiar with the Esquimaux, and were indebted to their generosity for comfort and even life; and at length Morton pressed on over the ice on the Greenland coast, beneath the savage cliffs and crumbling glaciers, until he reached a rocky promontory where there was neither snow nor frost, and where the polar sea rolled before him as free and broad as the Atlantic. Yet a deep gloom fastened on the whole party as the summer passed away, and no prospect remained of escaping from their desolate harbor. A wall of ice shut them from the open sea. One hope had still cheered them amidst sickness and night, that they might be set free by the summer heat, but it was now gone. Another winter was approaching; their provisions would soon be consumed; they looked forward with horror and despair to the famine, the disease, and the shadows of a perpetual night.



THE FROZEN SAILOR.

It came on with unusual rigors even for that extreme climate. A party who attempted, with Kane's permission, to make their way to the southward, abandoning the ship, were driven back from their icy journey, famished and frozen, and were received with kindness by the companions they had striven to desert. The cabin of the vessel had been fitted up into the representation of an Esquimaux hut; its walls were thickly covered over with moss; lamps smoked perpetually in its narrow limits; it was entered by a long, low passage; and so long as fuel could be procured its inmates were kept in a temperature that might at least be endured. But it was a lazar-house. All through the second winter the greater part of Kane's men lay groaning and pining on their beds in the narrow cabin, incapable of motion, and almost wholly fed and tended by their commander's hand. They were saved alone by the generosity of the Esquimaux, who, out of their own scanty resources, had something to give to the stranger.



AURORA AND METEOR, OCTOBER 13, 1860.

Once more spring appeared; the sun glittered over the unchanging landscape; the day broke; food became plentiful; birds from the south, and seal and walrus from the depths of the ocean, brought relief to the starving discoverers. The currents of the strait began to break up the bands of ice, and the fleets of bergs sailed down on their way to the sea. An intense interest, an eager curiosity, filled all the suffering company as, day by day, the season drew near and passed by when the ice that held them in bondage should have broken up, and left them free to spread their sails for home. It proved to be a year of unusual cold. The barriers of ice still remained around the imprisoned ship. No power could remove her from the lonely harbor. She was lost.

As the last refuge of despair—for he felt that another winter in the solitary realm would prove fatal to them all—Kane began in June to prepare for a journey and a voyage of more than a thousand miles, in three shattered boats, along the stormy shores and dangerous capes of Greenland. The sick and weary crew dragged the boats on runners over the broken ice until they reached the borders of the sea; their solemn prayers ascended often as they thought of home; a throng of natives bade them a kind farewell on the edge of the floe; and the three boats set out on their dreadful voyage. Kane remembered Barentz and Franklin, but cheered his companions with words of hope. They encountered furious storms, and mild and gentle weather. They were sometimes shut in in vast fields of ice, and then sailed gayly over quiet seas. Sometimes they starved and were faint with hunger, but soon fed to repletion on countless eggs. They slept in a huge cave on the fearful shore, that proved a palace of delight, for it was filled with nesting birds; but they swept away from the land of plenty, and were again wan and weak with famine. Ice was every where around them. For many days they had taken little food; their minds grew weak with suffering; they could not sleep; they were consumed by the fever of hunger. At this moment, when nature had yielded to the trial of endurance, a single seal fell into their power; they devoured it raw, like famished tigers, and were saved.

The sea and land now supplied them with food; and creeping along the frightful shore, they came to the Danish settlements. Here they encountered the expedition sent out for their relief; and Kane returned home, covered with that renown which he had so coveted and so well deserved, to die early, amidst the sorrow of his countrymen.

His companion and trusted friend, Dr. Hayes, in 1869 led a new expedition to the polar sea. He had but a little schooner of one hundred and thirty-three tons, but his crew was well selected, and he had learned the dangers of the arctic world. He hoped to press through Smith's Strait, and be the first to sail upon the unknown ocean. But as he entered the portals of the dangerous pass, the ice, the fogs, the fierce winds, and the fading season drove him to take shelter in a narrow fiord, which he named Port Foulke. It was nearly twenty miles below the harbor where Kane had abandoned the *Advance*. Night came on with its usual gloom and horror. But fresh provisions were abundant, and the Esquimaux, who remembered Kane's equity, gathered around the new explorers, and gave them friendly aid; savage but kindly faces greeted them in every hut. When the spring arrived Dr. Hayes formed an exploring party to discover a path to the open sea. He clambered over the strait, now frosted into a series of icy hills; passed the familiar grandeur of the Humboldt Glacier and the coast of Washington; crossed into Grinnell's Land; and, amidst such perils and toils as are seldom told, reached, as he believed, the shore of a mighty ocean. He saw the opposite coast, discovered by Morton; before him lay an open channel. The melting ice stopped his advance, but he traced, far away to the northward, a mighty cape—the end, perhaps, of the habitable globe, boldly piercing the billows of the tempestuous sea. His return was full of suffering. Yet, more fortunate than Kane, he rescued his little vessel from its imprisonment, and sailed homeward with the tidings of his great discovery.

He describes the sea as a mottled sheet of white and dark colors, studded with floes of melting ice. It seemed limitless. The huge cliffs of Kennedy Channel opened into it. He was convinced that a vessel might make its way, in some propitious season, from Cape Alexander to Cape Union, and throw wide the portals to an unknown world.

If we neglect the account of Wrangel, who, from a low latitude, supposed that he had seen an immense and solemn ocean swelling before him, Hayes and Morton are the only observers who have descried and described the appearance of the polar sea. Their accounts confirm each other; it is scarcely possible that both can have been deceived by a mirage or a refraction. Later expeditions, sent out by the Prussian and Danish governments, on the eastern side, have been less successful. A new plan of discovery has been projected; others must follow; and we propose to sketch briefly the leading traits of that arctic world, to which commerce now turns with expectation, and science with eager curiosity.

To the explorer of the polar sea one of the chief obstacles is the long prevalence of night. The year seems to resolve itself into a single day of a few months' duration, a dawn of many weeks, a sunset of equal length, a darkness that holds all nature from September to February in an intolerable gloom. It was not the solitude, the silence, the dismal scene of barren waste, said Kane, that weighed upon the spirits of his men, so much as the long absence of the cheering light. Groping in perpetual darkness, they pined and withered in the unaccustomed privation.

All living things fly instinctively from the polar night. As the sun sinks low in the early days of September, the countless flocks of migratory birds, warned by the fading light, rise from the crags where they have reared their young, and sail high in the air to the southward over the barren cliffs of Labrador. The little sparrows who have chirped around the tents of the explorer make their way mysteriously to the gentler clime. The bee and the butterfly disappear. As the twilight deepens the fox and the reindeer retreat before the increasing cold, and the female bear digs herself a deep cave in the snow. Soon even the waters, so lately teeming with a vast population of grimy monsters unknown to the less prolific seas of the south, grow silent and deserted. The great herds of walrus no longer bellow and wrangle on the floating ice, basking in the feeble sun; the gentle seal, whose countless flocks fill all the arctic shores, now sinks beneath the ice, to hide in the curious home he builds for himself or his offspring under the solid floe; the seas are frozen over, and their numerous tenants vanish from sight. The midnight comes with the winter solstice. Then no traveler ventures abroad for many weeks; no object is visible in the general gloom; no living thing is seen, unless, perhaps, some ravenous bear steals out over the snows, lean and fierce, or some starving Innuit watches on the ice for the breathing of the seal. In such a night no one would care to be abroad.

Yet the polar darkness is not without its alleviations. The stars shine, when the heavens are clear, with a cold and unvarying lustre; the moon circles in the sky for a fortnight without setting; the white veil of endless snow reflects the lustre of the heavens. It is often possible to read by the moonlight, while the unseen sun sometimes shoots a few faint beams over the distant horizon. The heavens, indeed, shine with unparalleled magnificence in these northern climes; the moon rides amidst the misty night encircled by a chain of halos that reach to the zenith, and startling refractions often fill the whole scene with a wild confusion. Icebergs seem overturned, and hang suspended in the air over the heads of the mariners, the whole coast of cliffs and mountains is displaced, to assume unnatural distortions; tall peaks seem torn from their rocky base, to float upon the sea; islands and continents spring up that are only the delusion of the sense, and a grand phantasmagoria encircles the astonished observer.

But the most wonderful and the fairest of all the arctic phenomena is the ever-varying aurora. Sometimes the bright play of the dancing light is so universal and so mysterious as to terrify the mind, filling it with strange forebodings. The scene is appalling as well as beautiful. On one of these rare occasions Hall, the well-known explorer, was roused from his rest by the cry, “Come up! the world is on fire.” As he threw open his cabin door a blaze of light poured into the narrow room. There was no sun nor moon, but every part of the sky rained down a profuse illumination. Golden sunlight, silvery moonlight, every hue of the prism, every color of the rainbow, lit up the wintry landscape. Lustrous rivers seemed to flow down from the zenith; a deluge of golden flame descended from the dome of night; the light danced in myriads of serpent-like forms, and played in sudden pencils; a war of rival radiance seemed to have broken out in heaven, and scattered its ruins upon the earth. Grave men trembled as they watched the solemn spectacle, and saw in it the emblem of a universal conflagration.

Yet it lasted only for a few moments, and soon a few scattered beams replaced the nocturnal daybreak. No sound accompanied the deluge of light; it came and passed away in silence. Nor is it common even in the arctic regions to witness so magnificent an exhibition. Usually a few crimson clouds, a chain of luminous pencils, or a glittering meteor, breaking into colored fragments, satisfy the observer; the sentiment of awe and terror inspired by the grander spectacle is more than the mind can bear. “I do not care ever to look upon such a scene again,” said Hall's companion to him.

TO BE CONTINUED.

TURNING A SCREW.

“BUT you won't sell him, Tom?” said Mrs. Tozer.

By-the-way, my name is Tozer—the Reverend Thomas Tozer, M.A., formerly of Caius College, Cambridge, and now of Stogglesby Rectory, Lincolnshire—Mrs. Tozer being my wife.

“My dear,” I said, “humanity is humanity, but incomes are incomes; and though the former says no, the latter says yes. I can not afford to turn the paddock into a hospital for decayed horses. This lameness decides it; and old Prince must go.”

“But where shall you sell him?”

“Well, I shall not sell him at all; Mr. Tomson will do that for me at Horncastle Fair to-morrow. I am going to drive him over. I dare say Prince can hobble that distance.”

“And what do you suppose you will get for him?” said Mrs. Tozer.

“Oh, not more than ten pounds,” I replied.

“Dear, dear! What a shame it seems to part with poor old Prince for ten pounds!”

“My love,” I said, decisively, in that tone which always closes a discussion, “it is not the ten pounds, but the cost of keeping the old horse. If you like to do without our having another, well and good. Stout walking-boots suffice for me in the winter.”

But Mrs. Tozer seemed to think that it would be a pity to let our four-wheeled chaise grow mouldy in the coach-house; and the consequence was that the next morning at eleven o'clock I was driving my church-warden, Farmer Tomson, over the half dozen miles that intervened between Stogglesby and the world-famed horse fair; but very slowly, for Prince's limp in what horsey people call “the off fore-leg” was rather marked.

“Perhaps you'd like me to do the other bit of business for you, Master Tozer?” said my companion.

“Well, no; thank you,” I said. “If you'll do the selling part, I shall be obliged. I think I'd rather buy for myself. I don't boast, mind; but if there is any thing secular I do know a little about, I think it is a horse.”

Farmer Tomson chuckled.

“Well, well,” he said; “don't get took in, for they're a rough lot down here at fair-time.”

“That's precisely why I want you to sell Prince for me. I know they would get him from me, and then there would be some difficulty about payment; and, as a clergyman, I don't want to be mixed up with any unpleasantness. And besides, you see, the class of men who go about buying lame horses are not those with whom I care to have dealings.”

“All right, parson, all right,” said Tomson; “only don't blame me if I don't get enough for him. I promise you, though, that I'll bring back the ready cash.”

“Do your best, Tomson, do your best, and I shall not complain,” I said, for I had implicit confidence in him, his only failings being too great a leaning toward gin-and-water, and a tendency to familiarity, as evinced in his addressing his pastor as “Parson.”

We reached the head inn; I brought out a halter, and Mr. Tomson led off poor old Prince, the chaise and harness being left in charge of the hostler, a fresh man.

As the old horse was led off he seemed to give me a mournful look, as though he would have said, “Do you turn your back like this upon your old friends?” And then he went limping out of the yard, whisking his gray tail about in a melancholy manner; and I thought of the many times those four white stockings had gone over the road with our modest conveyance, never too fast; never taking fright; never shying; never being inserted, as to the hind stockings, in fierce kicks through the splash-board. And I thought that if, for the five-and-thirty pounds I had placed as the outside sum, I could get as good a steed to dwell with us for the next ten years, I should do well.

I went into the coffee-room to await Farmer Tomson's return, and somehow I rather regretted that I had not called in a veterinary surgeon, and given Prince a month's rest; but the next minute I drove away the thought, and stood at the window, looking out at the busy turmoil of the little town during the horse fair.

My wife had stipulated for a horse as much like Prince as I could get; and as I stood gazing out, I saw one or two goodly looking cobs, with one, two, and even three white-stockinged feet, but not one, like old Prince, with four.

“But I can't study that,” I thought to myself. “A good sound horse is what I require, and a black-legged cob is likely to be the more durable.”

Before I had waded half through the day before's *Times*, Farmer Tomson was back.

“Well, how have you got on?” I said.

“Oh, just as well as I expected, parson; the regular thing for an old horse—pound a leg;” and he dashed four sovereigns down upon the table.

I was disappointed, for I had expected double, but I did not say so. Tomson saw it, though.

“It was its real value, parson,” he said quietly: “the horse was lame, dead lame.”

“Don't say another word, Tomson, pray,” I said, hastily. “I am indeed much obliged.”

“You're quite welcome, parson. I shall look in on you in the morning about that bit of wall in the church-yard, and then you can show me your new horse-purchase.”

“But won't you let me drive you back?” I said.

“No, no, thanky,” he said; “I dare say I shall be late. Good-morning; and be on the look-out for sharpers.”

Farmer Tomson departed; and I went about the town attending to a few domestic commissions before venturing upon the prime business of the day. At last, though, I had a look round, to see splendid carriage-horses selling at from two hundred and fifty to three hundred guineas a pair, and hunters, park hacks, ladies' well-broken mares, sturdy cobs, gigantic cart-horses—every description of the equine race; but though I wandered about for quite an hour and a half, I could not see the sort of cob that took my eye. Invitations to buy I had in plenty from cunning-looking gentlemen, who could see what I was about; but a word from any one of these horsey-looking gentry was sufficient to put me on my guard, and to take me to another part of the fair.

Tired at last of the noise and bustle, the shouting horse-dealers and the trotting hoofs, I began to wish that, after all, I had intrusted some one else with the commission; and walking back to the inn, I had a glass of sherry and a biscuit, sat down for half an hour, and then went to have one more look round, intending, if I were unsuccessful in my search, to hire a horse from the inn to drive back, and then trust my case to other hands.

“Plenty of horses are bought through advertisements,” I said to myself; “and old Baldox could examine it;” Mr. Baldox being the vet who came round our neighborhood.

“The very thing I want,” I said to myself the next moment; but, all the same, I preserved a strict appearance of want of interest; for just then a rather red-faced young fellow, in a quiet groom's livery, passed me, leading a very good-looking dark cob, very plump-looking, full head, short, well-carried tail, four black legs, good dark, glossy coat, but rather playful-looking, and given to dance about.

I let the man pass me two or three times as I looked unconcernedly on, while first one horsey man went up, and then another, wanting to try the horse, and talking in loud and depreciatory accents; but the groom was very surly, and seemed as if he would have none of them, always walking off a few yards before he came to another stand.

“Horse for sale, my lad?” I said at last.

The groom looked at me surlily all over, his eyes resting long on my white handkerchief. “Do you want to buy one?” he said at last.

“Well, I don't know,” I said, smiling; “but that don't seem to me the way to sell him.”

“Oh, don't it! P'r'aps it don't,” said the man. “I know what I'm up to.”

“What's the price?” I said, as I walked round the cob, liking his looks more and more.

“Now look here,” said the groom, gazing at me as searchingly as in him lay: “do you want to buy him? Because, if you do, say so: if you don't, just leave me alone, please, for I've been humbugged enough for one day.”

“Well, my lad,” I said, “you are not very civil; but I do want to buy a cob.”

He looked at me again, and then a bright thought seemed to flash across him. “You're a clergyman, ain't you?”

“Yes,” I said, smiling.

“Then where's your card?”

He smiled triumphantly as he said this, evidently thinking that he had posed me; but I drew out my card-case and gave him a card—Rev. T. Tozer, Stogglesby Rectory—when the man's face underwent a complete change, and he touched his hat respectfully.

“Beg pardon, Sir; but I didn't know but what you might be a chanter dressed up like a parson. Master sent me here to sell the pony, and told me to be very careful and not get done, and I've nearly been chiseled out of him twyste. Here's these fellows come round you with flash notes and duffing suvrings, and more dodges than you'd ever think of, and it makes one suspicious.”

“Who is your master?” I said.

“Mr. George Smith, Sir, of Louth.”

I did not know the gentleman, but the livery-buttons on the groom's coat bore the well-known crest of the Smiths—a fist clenched upon a hammer—and I asked him a few more questions. “What is he parting with the cob for?” was among the rest.

“Missus used to drive him, Sir; but we're going to have a broom now and a sixteen-hander. It is a pity, though, for this here's as nice a little thing as ever stepped. That quiet you may do any manner o' thing with him.”

“Not very young, my lad,” I said, knowingly, after a look in the horse's mouth.

“No, Sir, he ain't young; but he ain't a old 'oss. Master's only had him two years. I don't believe he's eight year, that I don't.”

I had him walked; I had him trotted; I had him tried in harness, and I drove him myself; and then he was once more reduced to the halter.

“Rather more skittish than I like,” I said.

“Skittish, Sir!” said the groom. “He ain't skittish; but I tell you what he is, Sir: he's that fat and lazy, and full of play, that he's spoiled. Just fancy yourself, Sir, shet up in a loose box, and the missus coming and blowing you out with corn at unreg'lar times till you blew upon it. Wouldn't *you* be skittish? Why, see how slow he is: he might do two mile more an hour if he warn't so fat.”

“Well, and now how about price?”

“Forty guineas, Sir,” said the groom—“forty-two pound in gold.”

“Which means that five-and-thirty pounds will buy him, I suppose?” I said; for I liked the horse, the man, and the character of the affair altogether.

The groom looked hard at me for a few moments, and then his face wrinkled all over into a simple grin. “Well, Sir, master said, ‘Ask forty pound, and stick to it; but if you can't get five-and-thirty, bring him back again.’”

I looked the cob over and over again, felt his hocks and fetlocks, and, with all my manipulation, found him as quiet as a lamb.

“Well, my lad,” I said, after bidding him thirty in vain, “I'll give you the five-and-thirty pounds.”

“Suvrings, Sir.”

“Well, a check on Garfit's bank will do?” I said, smiling.

“I don't know nothing about checks nor notes, Sir; suvrings for me, please,” said the lad; and the purchase was completed by my fetching the gold from the bank myself, to return finding the groom just moving off.

“Thought it was all a do, Sir,” said the man, touching his hat and brightening up; and then, on my remembering him with five shillings, he led my purchace to the inn, where he was put to; and I drove home, delighted with my bargain, for no horse could have gone better. He required a touch or two with the whip once, but, on the whole, he trotted along most respectably, and was as nice-looking a plump cob as a parson need wish to drive.

Our boy was absent on my return, and I had to take the new horse out myself, my wife coming to see him by lantern-light, patting him, and expressing her admiration loudly.

Farmer Tomson, being an early man, was over next morning by the time we had done breakfast; and I proudly led him out to the stable, unfastened the halter, and brought out the purchase smilingly, while the old man walked round it, and round it again; looked at its head, its tail; ran his hand all over it; stooped down by its legs one by one, and then looked at me.

“Well,” I said, “what ought I to have given for it?”

“Pound a leg!” he exclaimed.

“Pooh!—nonsense!” I said. “What's he worth?”

“Pound a leg, I tell you, man. Why, drat it, parson, you've bought your own old hoss again!”

“What!” I exclaimed, laughing.

“Absurd!” exclaimed Mrs. Tozer, who just then joined us. “Why, Prince had four white legs, and he'd follow me about like a dog. And so will you some day, then—a poor fellow, then!”

To my utter surprise, the horse walked up to her and put his nose in her hand, as I had seen Prince do scores of times.

I thought I knew a little about horses, but I did not. The hollows over poor Prince's eyes, that had been blown out, hollowed out again; his docked tail grew, and the dye wore off his four stockings; while the dodge in re-shoeing him, so as to give a limp to the near fore-foot, was shown to me by the old farmer; and I learned how that, where two legs were lame, they formed a pair, and the lameness was not noticed.

But, after all, I did not lose thirty-one pounds five; for upon choking down my disgust, and asking Farmer Tomson's advice, he said: “Turn him out in the paddock; the lameness may go off; but don't think of trying law. Bear the first loss, and don't throw good money after bad. I'll never say nowt about it.”

Neither did I till now; and in proof of my journey not being all loss, the lameness did go off, and we drove old Prince till he died suddenly, five years after the Turning of the Screw.

A PERTURBED SPIRIT.

THERE have been many goblins much more awful than the one which incessantly tormented a series of worthy pastors in the village of Gröben, but there never were any so intensely and so persistently disagreeable. The goblin in question did not aspire to the performance of any grand and terrible feat. Of such aspiration his paltry soul—if he had a soul—was incapable. He was a lubber fiend, in the strictest sense of the word, as stupid as he was malignant; a Puck of the worst sort; a Robin Good-fellow who had degenerated into a Robin Bad-fellow. It was his ambition to be handed down to posterity as the greatest supernatural nuisance that ever afflicted the sublunar world, and his ignoble hopes were realized. Of the situation of Gröben some of our readers may possibly be ignorant. We therefore state that it is not very distant from Jena, and that the duty of its pastor is to administer spiritual instruction to a congregation of simple peasnts, resident at the western extremity of the huringian Forest.

Dull boys are sometimes distinguished by a power of application which greatly counterbalances their dullness, and enables them, in the long run, to surpass their more precocious comrades. In like manner, the goblin of Gröben, not naturally or supernaturally bright, was wonderful for his perseverance, and it was by slow, not to say painful steps, that he ascended the summit of that bad eminence which he afterward occupied, to his own eternal infamy. He believed, like Mr. Wordsworth, that a star looks brightest when there is only one in the sky; so, although he was doubtless as old as the Germans of the time of Tacitus, he did not care to risk his notoriety by rushing upon mankind too soon. Had he manifested himself in the age of Faust and Mephistopheles, or in those immediately preceding, he would have been lost in a crowd of fiends and spirits, all much brighter than himself; so, in spite of a burning desire for mischief, he repressed his longings, and bided his time. He seems first to have revealed his existence shortly before the close of the Thirty Years' War—that is to say, about the middle of the seventeenth century, when the old superstitious beliefs of medieval Europe were on the decline; but even then he cautiously felt his way, and refrained from displaying his full power. It was not till the eighteenth century, the age of Voltaire, that he put forth his strength in bad earnest. He then so distinguished himself from ordinary village goblins that he became the subject of a learned book.

We will begin with him at the beginning, that is to say, in the year 1646, when the then pastor of Gröben, Johannes Rodigast, was greatly annoyed by the visits of a mysterious gray monk, who somehow or other contrived to enter his study without noise, and seated himself cozily before the fire. The monk neither talked himself nor listened to the talk of his unwilling host, who found that his hints on the propriety of a speedy retirement were utterly disregarded. Weary of the intrusion, Johannes Rodigast at last boldly asked the monk who he was, whence he had come, and what he wanted, adding some words of solemn exhortation. These words were so far efficient that the monk vanished, but unfortunately his figure was not to be erased from the memory of the pastor, who took to moping, and after moping for upward of thirty years, put a violent end to his own existence.

Weighing the case with impartiality, we find that we can scarcely hold the monk responsible for this terrible calamity. He went away, when exhorted with a due measure of force, and if the pastor fretted himself for more than thirty years afterward, it is hard to see a close connection between the alleged cause and the alleged effect.

The goblin, who of course is identical with the monk, kept himself quiet during the long remainder of poor Rodigast's life, but he was only preparing for more showy exploits. Probably he was amazed at the success of his first paltry feat. To dress himself like a gray monk, and to sit down sulkily by a fire, was no great achievement, after all.

The immediate successor of Rodigast in his sacred office was Adam Simler, one of those prudent men who meet a difficulty with a compromise. He in his time was honored by the gray monk with a visit, but, instead of having recourse to exhortations, he simply moved his books and his desk into another room, and allowed his visitor to retain the chosen apartment. He was thus in no worse predicament than many a scion of an ancient race, whose ancestral residence is said to be haunted. The door of the suspected room remains shut, and the inhabitants of the mansion are probably comfortable, till some unlucky visitor arrives, and can not be accommodated save in the Blue Chamber, where he meets some horror, which he describes to his host at breakfast, and is at once delicately warned that he had better keep his information to himself.

Heinrich Stemler, the immediate successor to Simler, was subjected to sundry annoyances, but their precise nature does not seem to have been recorded. For the next pastor, Jeremias Heinisch, the goblin had reserved his main force. The miserable stratagem of donning a monk's habit was not to be tried again. It had partially failed already, when practiced upon Adam Simler, and Jeremias Heinisch was a man who, though an orthodox Lutheran minister, boasted of his utter disbelief in spiritual manifestations. Jeremias Heinisch would have set down the gray monk as an optical illusion, and have gone on preparing his sermon for Sunday as composedly as if he had been alone in his study. If Jeremias Heinisch was to be hit, more practical means were required.

The new pastor had built himself a new cattle-shed in his court-yard, and on the roof of this edifice stones were thrown, by an unseen hand, for five successive days in the June of 1718. The stones were not large, but they came down with a prodigious rattle, and it was a singular circumstance that they were always thrown in the day-time, never at night. The thrower loved notoriety, for whenever a crowd of persons surrounded the house to witness the performance, the shower was continued with redoubled vigor.

All this annoyance was set down to the account of some naughty boy by the strong-minded pastor, who laughed at the superstitious fears of his flock, and thus the only man in the district who did not believe in the ghost was precisely the man whose house was haunted. He had two enemies to contend against—the human th[illegible] of stones, whoever he might be, and the cra[illegible]norance of the peasantry, who had not forgotten the sad fate of Johannes Rodigast. To secure the former, he set a strict watch about his premises, himself being the principal watchman; to convince the latter, he caused some of his own people to throw stones on the cow-shed from a place of concealment, intending, at the end of the performance, to come forward and explain to the appalled spectators the natural means by which the apparently supernatural phenomenon had been produced. Both plans failed. On the one hand nobody was caught, on the other hand the stones thrown by the pastor's order were seen during their passage through the air, whereas the other stones did not become visible till they had actually touched the roof. The pastor, however, held his ground, and, still convinced that some mischief-makers of the village were at the bottom of the nuisance, spread a report that he was about to commence a strict judicial inquiry, and that the offenders, if discovered, would be subjected to severe punishment.

This last stroke of policy seemed to be successful. The stone-throwing left off, and for five weeks not a rattle was heard on the roof of the shed. The pastor was naturally in high glee. The mischief-makers had been rendered harmless, and the voice of superstition had been hushed. One afternoon, toward the end of July, he walked complacently through his fields, chatted with his reapers about his own superior enlightenment, and hinted that they should feel proud of a pastor who had kept so completely aloof from vulgar error. Ah, for some time to come that was the last bright day for poor Jeremias Heinisch. As he approached his homestead his servants came rushing toward him with the sad intelligence that at three o'clock—the very hour of his discourse with the reapers—the rattle on the roof of the shed had recommenced.

Had the goblin been annoyed by the vaunts of Jeremias Heinisch, and would the goblin have remained quiet if Jeremias Heinisch had held his tongue? We can not say. Certain it is, that he seemed resolved to make up for lost time. Nevertheless, the gallant pastor still held his own. On Sunday, the 31st of the month, he preached in the afternoon a sermon on a topic of great local interest. Some of his parishioners had expressed the opinion that, as a punishment for self-destruction, poor Johannes Rodigast was not allowed to repose in his grave, and that the irrepressible stone-thrower was no other than the restless spirit of that unfortunate man. This was just the sort of doctrine that Jeremias Heinisch loved to attack; and, in his eloquent discourse, he convinced himself, if not his congregation, that his ill-starred predecessor had no hand in the revived nuisance. Having returned home from church, satisfied that he had well done his duty, he looked out of the window of his upper room upon the spacious court-yard below, complacently reflecting on the theme of his sermon, and the masterly manner in which it had been handled, when the course of his meditation was interrupted by a most astounding phenomenon. A stone lifted itself out of the pavement of the court-yard, and visibly flung itself upon the roof of the shed. The pastor tried to persuade himself that the stone was in reality a bird, and went to bed affectionately nursing that opinion; but on the following morning, when the throwing commenced early, his stubborn incredulity began to give way. Many stones now rose from the pavement, others flew out of the walls of the house, describing curves beyond the power of any projectile thrown by human means, and, what was more curious, they did not leave so much as a chink behind them. Convinced at last that he had to deal with a spiritual foe, Jeremias boldly addressed his persecutor in a tone of solemn exhortation, which, we grieve to say, caused the stones to rattle down with greater violence than ever. One missile, larger than the rest, directed itself toward the pastor's face, but dropped midway. The person of Jeremias was evidently sacred.

Hitherto all the stones had been thrown on the roof of the cow-shed, but early in August this limit was passed, and the parsonage itself was invaded, the moment when the pastor had just taken his seat at the dinner-table being selected for especial demonstrations of violence. As before, however, the throwing always ceased at nightfall, to be renewed at break of day.

Unable to endure the annoyance any longer, Jeremias, on the 4th of August, set out for Jena to lay his case before the celebrated professor of theology, Dr. Buddeus, commending the parsonage to the care of his wife and household. During his absence the bombardment was carried on with even increased vigor, and as he approached his home, after his consultation with the learned doctor, he had the pleasure of witnessing the demolition of the window-panes in his lower room. The work of destruction was as methodical as it was incessant. If any one went close to the window the pane was indeed smashed, but the stone fell outside the house; whereas if the observer receded from the window, the stone flew far into the room. It should be added, that one party of spirits seemed to be besieging another, which offered a stout resistance, since not only did stones fly from the yard into the room, but others flew from the room into the yard, a heap raised in each place recording the multiplicity of the shots.

Before dawn, on the 5th of August, the pastor's wife gave birth to a son, who was christened by his father on the afternoon of the same day. The good man stood on the very spot in his room where a missile of extraordinary size had fallen; and the holy rite of baptism apparently so awed the enemy, that for three days the house was tranquil. Jeremias began to hope that the nuisance was at an end forever, but soon found that the peace he had supposed lasting was merely a brief armistice. On the 9th the invincible stone-throwers returned to their work like giants refreshed, and continuing the old system till the 23d, began in the evening of that day to overstep the limit they had previously respected, and pelted throughout the night, while the rattle of stones and pieces of lead was disagreeably accompanied by scratchings at all the doors and cupboards. On the following day an alarming activity was manifest in the crockery, plates and pots smashing themselves to pieces in the most reckless manner. A cheese, too, was tossed from the pantry into one of the rooms, though the door between them was locked; and this cheese, when examined, looked as if it had been clawed by a dog.

The stout heart of Jeremias now sank within him. His servants vowed they could remain with him no longer; his wife was sinking under the weight of the annoyance; and the counsels tendered by the learned and pious men whom he consulted were most conflicting; some advising him to resist the Evil One to the last, others exhorting him to leave a house so filled with abomination. No wonder that occasionally, in fancy, he saw the haggard figure of Johannes Rodigast, and feared that he might end his life like that wretched man.

On the 25th, following the advice of an eminent physician, he removed his wife and child, with a few of the more valuable articles of furniture, to another dwelling, he himself remaining at the parsonage, under the protection of a body-guard, composed of villagers. On the 7th of September—the annoyances having continued till that date—burning coals flew out of the stove, through the windows, and were scattered about the yard. Then the persecutors seemed to be weary of persecution. Only one stone was thrown on the 8th, and that was—the last. Trusting that peace was now attained, the pastor brought back his wife to the parsonage, which remained undisturbed till the year 1835, when it was pulled down, and a new one was built in its stead.

In 1719 an anonymous work appeared, in which the facts we have recorded were grossly exaggerated, and used to prove that the laws against witchcraft should not have been abolished. In another book, written by one Gottfried Wahrlieb, the wonders were treated in an opposite spirit, the whole affair being regarded as a gross imposition. Displeased with both these publications, Jeremias Heinisch thought that the time had arrived when he might properly address the world on a subject with which he was more familiar than any one else, and he accordingly, in 1723, produced a neat little volume on the Kobold of Gröben, which is now extremely scarce, but a copy of which is to be found in the library of the University of Jena. To a description of the contents of this book, written by the German antiquary, Herr Kurt Gress, we are indebted for our knowledge of the marvels above narrated.

And how are those marvels explained? They are not explained at all.

IMPRACTICABLE INVENTORS.

BRUNEL was continually tormented with impracticable and ignorant inventors, who solicited his attention for projects frequently of the most absurd kind. An Irish gentleman once submitted to him a design for a kind of hood for a carriage, the merit of which was that in fine weather it was to hang under the vehicle ready for use. "Impossible," exclaimed Brunel, after a moment's examination; "such a mass could never be stowed away in so small a space." "Do you think so?" said the Irish gentleman, not at all taken aback. "Ah! then we will soon get over that. The thing must be left at home in fine weather. Sha'n't want it then, you know."

On another occasion his benevolent feeling was appealed to to give attention to a new means of sweeping chimneys, intended to obviate the necessity of the climbing boys, who were at that time used for this cruel employment. The plan was extremely simple: a broom was to be worked from above, as well as from below, and thus every nook, whichever way it turned, was to be easily swept out.

"Excellent," said the great engineer; "but you have not told me how the rope is to be got to the top."

"Nothing more simple," replied the sanguine inventor. "Of course a boy will go up with it first."

Sometimes he was annoyed at finding that a kindly word, or a mere formal expression of politeness, which he had used toward some of these tormentors, was construed into an approval of their schemes, which were forthwith announced as sanctioned by Brunel's approbation. This occurred in the case of a new machine, a "criopyrite," or fire-ram, invented by a Mr. Collier. This gentleman not only put forth his invention as sanctioned by Brunel, but referred inquirers to the agent of the latter to certify to the soundness of his principle. Brunel was naturally indignant at this, and he replied: "Nothing is more preposterous than the account which has been published respecting this engine, which, it is added, consumes no more than one-twentieth part of the fuel required for a steam-engine of the like power……Having been called on to witness its action, and to give my aid in directing its power, I am enabled to state that the new engine, supposed to possess a power equal to twenty horses, has not yet, to my knowledge, moved without the external aid of two or three men."

MEMORIES OF CALAIS.

As at many a pretentious castle the owner and visitors prefer entering by some modest little postern, so in France, magnificent country as it is, the traveler is introduced through such humble little doorways as Dieppe, Boulogne, Calais, and similar places. These ports are after the one pattern, scratched and dredged into something that will give water for a few hours to ships of modest tonnage, which then leaves them prostrate on their muddy bottoms. A frail paling runs out timorously into the sea, and forms a sort of avenue. In Dieppe and some of the others Englishmen have little interest, but to Calais—a poor little wind-blown, wave-buffeted outpost—we are drawn by a hundred associations that are stirring and interesting, dramatic, picturesque, and historical. No voyager of true sympathy and reading, as he steps from the boat and tramps across the draw-bridge, walks over the solemn square, and rests his hour or so at an inn, but must find himself looking curiously round, and see every thing through a cloud of the most romantic color. It seems charged with the strangest associations. We think of Sterne, Hogarth, Brummel, Lady Hamilton, Foote; of the burgesses with the ropes round their necks, figuring in so many historical pictures: of the writing on Mary's heart, of the tide of nobles who have stopped there, and had their first look at France, and of that hapless English colony, always recruited by those who have fled from debt, and who marshal their ranks to see the packet—on which they dare not set foot—come in. Every one, in short, will feel the truth of Mr. Ruskin's picture, which calls up a feature of the old town. "I can not find words," he says, "to express the intense pleasure I have always felt in first finding myself, after some prolonged stay in England, at the foot of the tower of Calais Church. The large neglect, the noble mightiness of it, the record of its years, written so visibly, yet without sign of weakness or decay, its stern vastness and gloom, eaten away by Channel winds, and overgrown with bitter sea-grass—I can not tell half the strange pleasure and thoughts that come about me at the sight of that old tower." Other eyes had looked, we may be sure, at the "large neglect" with an irksomeness that was intolerable—eyes of the expatriated hemmed in there as in a jail, burrowing, swarming in those little streets that radiate from the square, where many an agonizing shift was contrived that should extort a day's more credit from the French shop-keeper. The presence of Sterne is what we feel most, his hotel (Dessein's), his monk, his delightful *désobligeante*—a chariot on shafts—lying in the court. The whole of that short sojourn is a bit of true French comedy, charmingly done. We need read but the first half dozen pages of the "Sentimental Journey," and lo! again rises about us the gates and courts and old houses of Calais. Leslie, coming after, has helped to spread the same fascinating associations.

"Monsieur Dessein" and his heirs should have done more for Sterne than hang up a mezzotint, or label a room "Sterne's Room." That delicate etching brought the inn-keeper thousands of pounds, and made him immortal. But he became griping and avaricious, and, like other hosts, began to give bad wine, and generally bad treatment, on the strength of his reputation. This inn no longer exists, though it was an established device to allow an enthusiastic traveler the favor of sleeping in Sterne's Room. The Barber and "the Monk" enjoyed a perpetual vitality, for the guest was naturally delighted at such proof of accuracy in the humorist's description, and gave accordingly.

The old place is stamped all over with seals and tokens of its ancient vicissitudes. Up to a few years ago the municipality was sunk in a more than conservative lethargy, would do nothing and change nothing. There is even now to be seen the figure of a cat carved on a stone let into one of the houses, and the tradition runs that this animal was the price paid for the ground on which the house stands, during the dreadful famine when the town was besieged by the English, when, fresh from Cressy, King Edward came to besiege the place in the fourteenth century. That beleaguerment and its horrors lasted some eleven months. Then came the dramatic episode. But the burgesses of the historical pictures are quite too remote to awaken any sympathy, and they may be dismissed with their scarcely deserved reprieve. So with the Field of the Cloth of Gold, which the resurrection men, who provide "subjects" for anatomical burlesque, have lately snatched.

It seems strange to think that for the two hundred years that followed the English should have held this corner of French soil—a dreadful irritating sore in the French mortal body. It is little known how thoroughly English the place was, the streets having English as well as French names, as "Rigging Street." It had its mayor and its two members during the English occupation. It was a favorite spot for royal and noble junketings—kings and princes "running over," as they would to the isles of Wight or Man. The great Wolsey was there twice. Grand functions were held there for "making of knights." But a lugubrious association attaches to the place, as it was the Calais headsman who was often fetched over specially to do the work, on account of his superior skill. The French frontier was always coolly spoken of as being at Ardres, about ten miles away. There it was assumed that French soil began.

It was no wonder that the situation became "too stretched" to endure, and that at last, in 1558—only thirty-eight years after the magnificent pageant of the Field of the Cloth of Gold—a desperate effort was made by the French to recover the place. It succeeded, under the direction of the famous La Balafré, and the English were no longer in France. Even in Henry the Eighth's day the Venetian embassador, Michele, wrote to his court about the boldness of the English sailors, who went in and out of the place in all weathers, never heeding the state of the harbor, they managed their boats with such skill and daring.

Once lost, there was no chance of its being recovered again. The genius of Vauban was directed to the strengthening of it with that wonderful style of fortification which has covered France and the Low Countries with a crowd of monuments to his memory. These mammoth works are prodigies of skill and swift construction; and even now defy the ordinary power of gunpowder to destroy them. Now are to be seen the bastions of the old fortress; the ruined dock, with its enormous iron gates, and the whole apparatus of fosses and bridges. To this day it is like a prison; and the traveler who wishes for a stroll can only leave it by a single gate. The words "Calais Gate" at once recall Hogarth's picture—that clear, brilliant piece of painting, which now hangs in the home of a noble family in the North of Ireland. Of its Canaletti-like brightness the engravings give no idea. That gate is as old as the English; and in the picture we see the English arms sculptured, though they have long since been erased. The old church of Notre Dame was built by the English. On its pillars, some years ago, were discovered some votive paintings set up by the English Woodhouses; but the French had them whitewashed out at once. The great square tower can be seen far out at sea, rising starkly from the sands, a stone anchorite. So with the old tower *de Guet*. The effect of these lorn memorials, as the packet glides on slowly, is always sad: they seem to give solemn and silent greeting.

The story of Hogarth's adventure has been told very often. How this true Englishman, sitting down and sketching the gate which bore the English arms, was at once taken into custody by the soldiers, and forthwith shipped back to Dover. This, according to the usual precedent, was thought a scandalous outrage upon a British subject; but, in the annals of fortifications, sketching has always been held to be a dangerous amusement. An Englishman sketching Calais, little over a hundred years after it had been recovered, was still more suspicious. In that fair scene, with its ridiculous figures of lean and hungry-eyed French soldiers, the artist had his revenge; for it was to be seen by thousands, then engraved, and bought by hundreds; and thus indirectly helped to foster that amused contempt which, up to the days of Gilray and Rowlandson, was considered only public spirit. On the sirloin of beef was a label, directed "Madame Grandsire," the landlady of the "Silver Lion"—a rival hostelry—with a singularly lean cook, whom the sirloin nearly crushed. The natives were pretty well accustomed to Englishmen and their extravagances, but they must have been highly amused by the eccentric Parson Harvest, who could not find the way to this house, and could not speak a word of French. He stopped the first native he met, and thrusting out his arms and feet, after the picture of a lion rampant, and putting a silver crown between his teeth, made the Frenchman understand. Nothing, however, could compete with Dessein's—its handsome court-yards, gardens, luxuriant geraniums three or four feet high; its theatre and good wine, whose "bush" was the reputation of the "Sentimental Journey."

Another figure is seen wandering about Calais—a true adventuress—the defeated Chudleigh, and deposed Duchess of Kingston, who staid long at Dessein's, and was said to have left him a large sum in her will. An incident of her desperate battle with Foote brings the town before us with a flash—one of his spirited dramas, with the poet and inn-keeper, the scurrilous duchess herself, and Father O'Donovan, the Irish Capuchin. Goldsmith wrote to his friends, describing the persecutions and extortions on landing; and in a delightful letter records the landing of the baggage: "Two little trunks, which were all we carried with us......We were surprised to see fourteen or fifteen fellows all running down to the ship to lay their hands upon them; four got under each trunk, the rest surrounded and held the hasps, and in this manner our baggage was conducted with a kind of funeral solemnity, till it was safely lodged at the Custom-house. We were well enough pleased with the people's civility till they came to be paid, when every creature that had but the happiness of touching our trunks with his finger expected sixpence." Foote must have heard Goldsmith relate this adventure; and it is some homage to the author of one of the most spirited comedies in the language, "She Stoops to Conquer," that Foote should have thought it worth while to incorporate the mere scraps of a letter in a drama.*

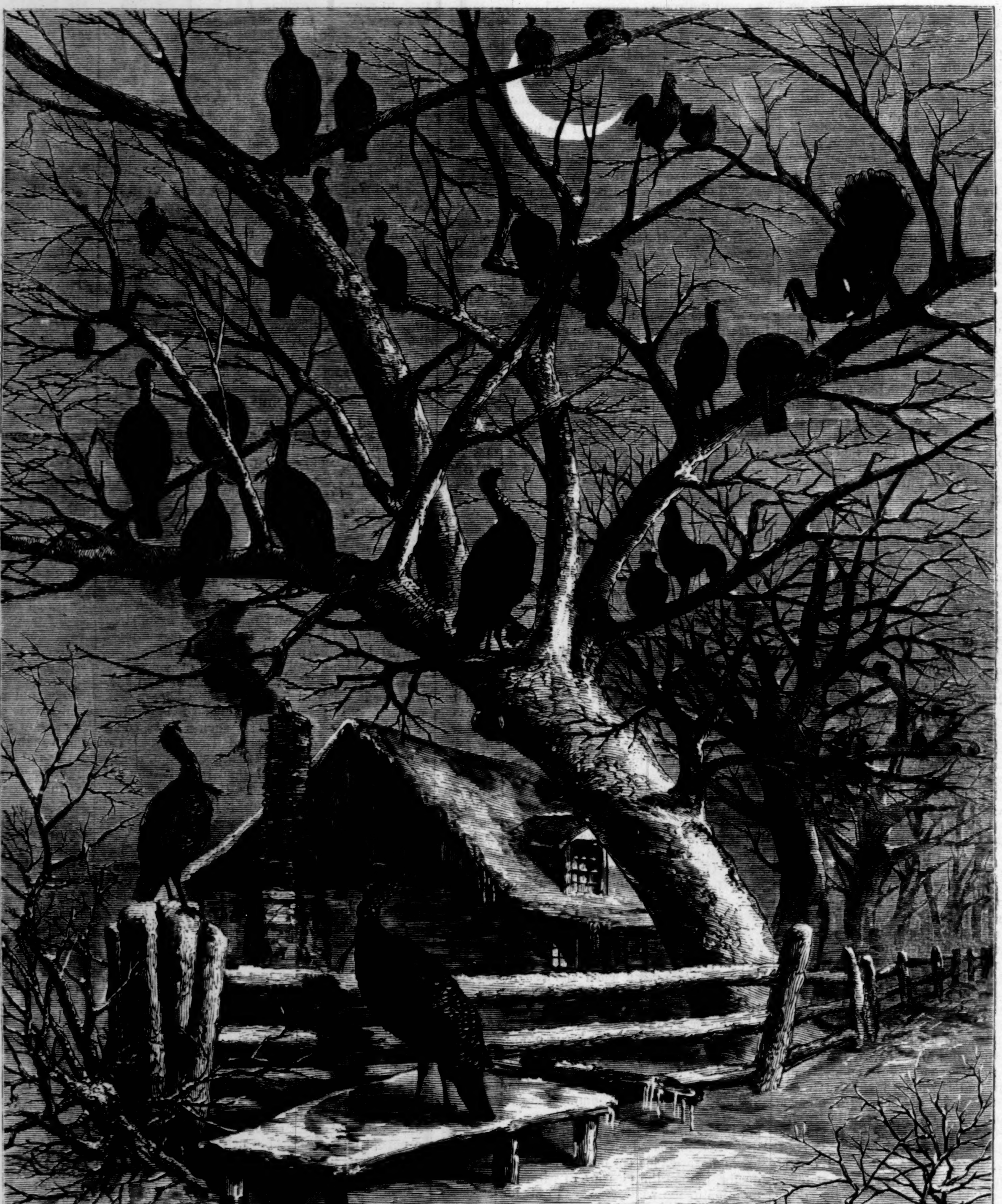
But we approach the later days, within the present century, when it became the refuge, the sanctuary, as it were, for English debtors and *vauriens*. Calais and Boulogne, two "tidal" ant-hills, have engendered those strange beings, the *soi-disant* "captain" and "colonel," the reduced gentleman and his family, who choose Calais "for educational purposes:" the poor shifty beings in threadbare but diligently restored coats, perennial actors who flourish about in the prison yard. What a race! what long generations! How strange they must have looked to the natives and shop-keepers! what stages of doubtful progress before credit could be assured, even before that shaky security of the impecunious, dependence on fitful remittances from England, could be attained to! These little streets which radiate from the Place, what stories they could tell of wrangling and pitiless landlords, despairing debtors, seizures in execution, and even "liens" upon bodies lying unburied! wives and children detained in pawn for the debts of the buried husband! We think of that grand theatrical scene every day, when the captains and colonels mustered to see the English packet—a small sloop then of fifty or sixty tons—come in. What looking out for familiar faces, or what shrinking away, as the wealthy traveler, old club-mate, comes ashore, his swinging traveling coach taken to pieces and put together, he just halting to dine at Dessein's, and posting on at night, by Abbeville and Amiens, to Paris! To the reduced and fallen gentleman the walls of Calais must have indeed seemed a jail yard.

Many, however, would fly thither for breathing time, as it were, from the pursuit of English bailiffs—even men of true condition. The traditions of such were fondly cherished. For Englishmen that of Brummel, who lived there for thirteen years, has more interest than for Frenchmen. It was not in his exile at Calais that the poor Beau suffered the privations that are related of him; for there he lived in luxury, living literally on alms from his friends in England, but alms that reached to some five or six hundred a year. His rooms at Leleux's, the old Dessein's before its removal, were, in fact, haunted by shoals of fine people, where he laid down marble pavement, and decorated the old rooms to his heart's content. His *esprit* made him a favorite; and it must be said of his more fortunate friends who were still surviving, they always thought of Brummel as they passed through Calais. Often the chaise was halted at Leleux's, and the invitation to dinner given from the carriage window. It is, indeed, vastly to the credit of the much-abused world that he met such generous treatment from the dandies. An old friend who lived at Dover would often fix a day for a dinner at Dessein's, and come over in the packet specially. Callous and battered as that old heart must have been, it surely fluttered in the September of 1821, when the sham "first gentleman of Europe" came over and passed through Calais. The little penal colony was in a stir, and there was great speculation at the clubs as to how the poor broken Beau would behave. It is said that he did behave with dignity. It is said that he tried to avoid meeting the king in his passage from the ship to the hotel; and friends of his describe how he got blocked up in the crowd as he was walking home to his house, and was thus forced to see the "first gentleman," who was heard to exclaim, "Good God, there is Brummel!" What a meeting! the poor exile and former boon companion, and "your fat friend," now a great king!

It is hard to accept that story of dignity; and it would be beyond human nature to resist such an opportunity for reconciliation. The Beau *must* have hoped to catch the royal eye. When his Majesty was feasting at Dessein's some old friends were not remiss, and mentioned the poor old Beau. A bottle of choice *liqueur* was sent from the latter. And there was a more artful reminder—something about the Beau's famous old snuff mixture, which found its way to the king's table. At any allusion, however, the mean prince was silent; he either felt a secret reproach, or, like many weak men, shrank from the "fuss" and unpleasantness of such a meeting; and though the poor Beau left his name, the shabby "first gentleman" quitted the town without seeing him. Richly did he deserve the attacks of the caricatures and the stinging squibs of Tom Moore.

In the rotten society of the place Brummel was, of course, a leading figure. The traditions associated with his name gave a tone to the place, and to those who had the happiness of knowing him. The Beau was said to conduct himself with his old matchless insolence, especially in regard to the sham colonels and captains, whom he delighted in putting down. "Know him!" he would say; "to be sure. Why, he was head butler at Belvoir." The Beau had not much courage, and was once called to account for some such description. "You said I was a butler," said a half-pay captain without a nose, who came to call him to account. "If you do not retract in five minutes—" "In five seconds, my dear Sir," said the other, apologizing handsomely. But as the captain was going the Beau added, "It *couldn't* be, for, now I think of it, I should have remembered being served by a butler without a nose." The injured party had best have left the matter alone; formally his honor was salved, but the retractor had the best of it. In his turn the Beau was hit pretty hard when walking with Lord Sefton. A questionable man bowed eagerly to the Beau. "Who is that friend of yours?" said the Beau, lamely enough. Lord Sefton said he knew no one in Calais but Brummel himself. A few minutes later the same man passed again, and said, "Don't forget, *Brum*—roast goose at four!" This he richly deserved. At last he obtained his consulship at Caen, and got away from Calais.

There is one more figure, whose ghost flutters about Calais—that of Lady Hamilton, who lies buried in a timber-yard, dying after a miserable illness. She was attended by an officer as priest, and there was a question of giving her a pauper funeral. But a generous English merchant interposed, and had her decently interred, "fifty gentlemen of Calais" attending. What a *cortége*—a band of adventurers waking the adventuress! One of the dreadful incidents of that refugee life was near taking place when the French creditors wished to detain the poor daughter, Horatia, as a sort of pledge; but the same humane gentleman got her away. The place has its tragedies also. Angry Englishmen have crossed over to avenge their differences on the sands—a favorite spot. In short, the little town, in one ignoble sense belonging to the English still, does not want a true dramatic interest, even in these days of tidal trains and buffets.



A WINTER SCENE IN THE COUNTRY—JUST BEFORE SUNSET.—[DRAWN BY T. R. DAVIS, FROM A SKETCH BY LLOYD MIFFLIN, JUN.]

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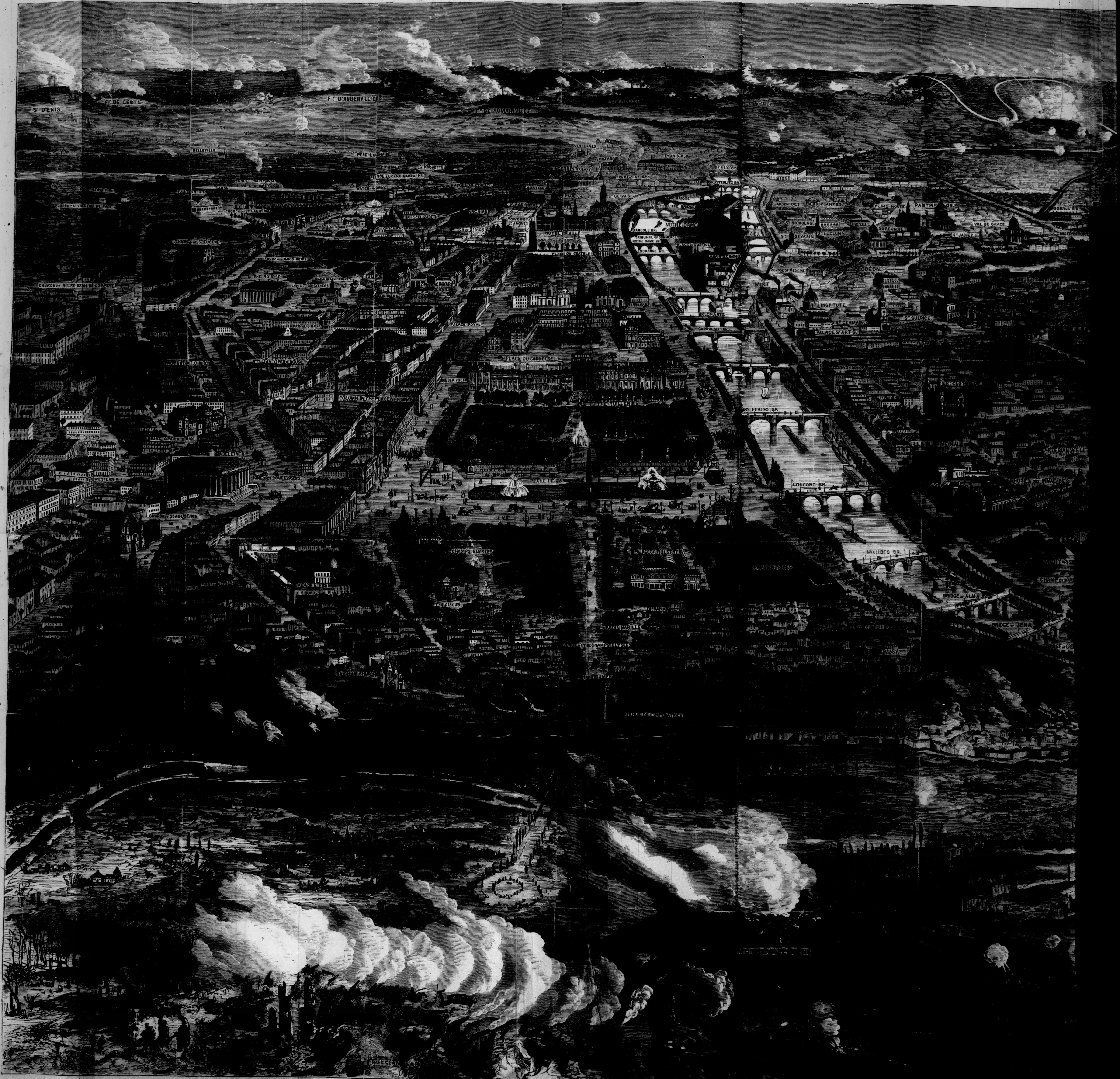
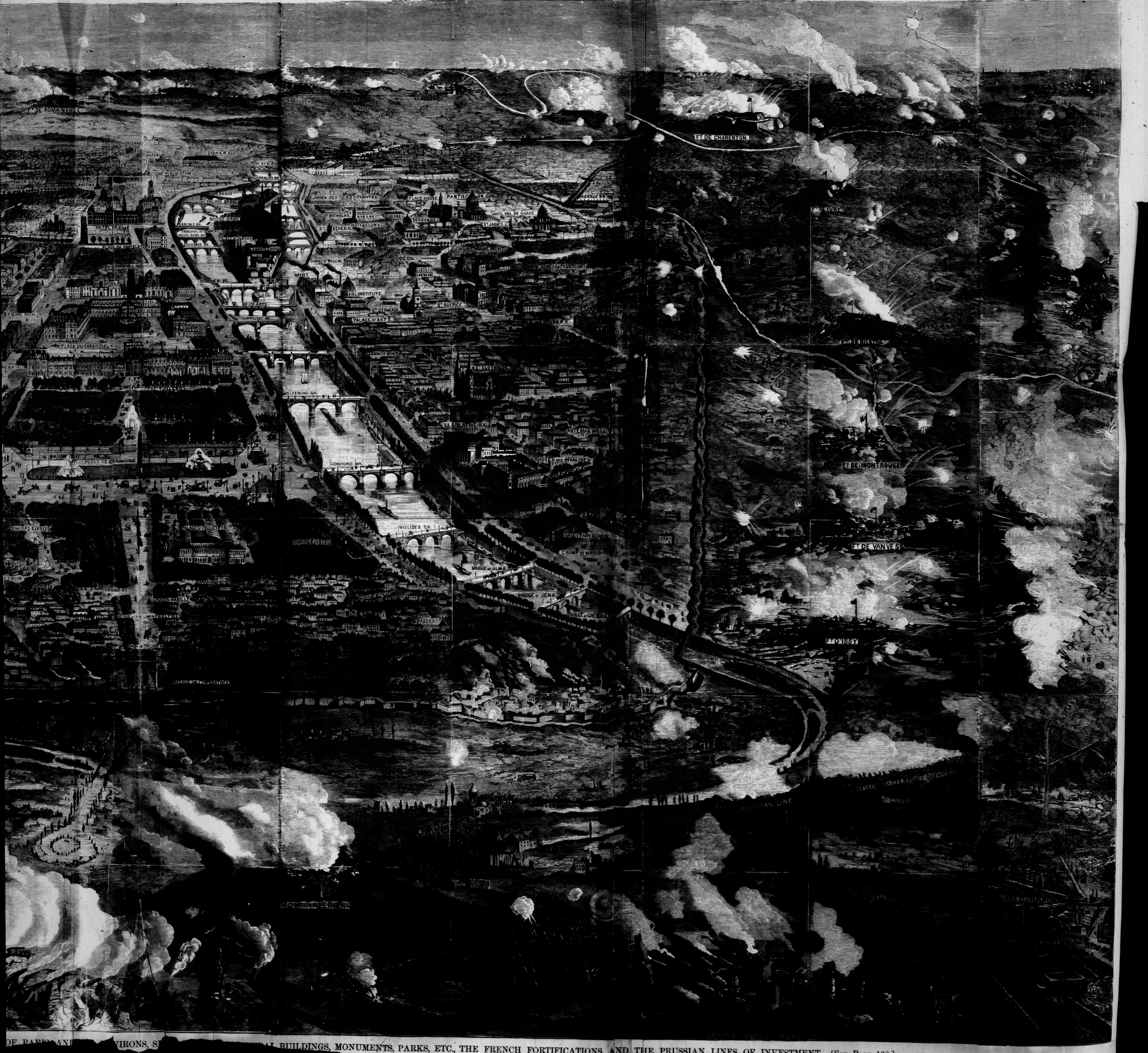
* "Enter porters with small parcels." M. Codling is told that these are "porters from de Custom-house vid you baggage!" "Baggage?" repeats Codling, in amazement; "any one of them might have carried it all."

[illegible] SIMILE MA[illegible]


ST DENIS
FT DE L'ESTE
FT D'AUBERVILLIERS
FT DE ROMAINVILLE
FT DE NOISY
FT ROSNEY
BELLEVILLE
PERE LA CHAISE
PRISON
LA ROQUETTE
VINCENNES
PRINCE EUGENE BARRACKS
NAPOLEON CIRCUS
WATER WORKS
BASTILE
BONDED WAREHOUSE
CANAL
NORTHERN R.R.
EASTERN R.R.
CHURCH OF ST VINCENT DE PAUL
CHURCH OF ST LAURENCE
ST MARTIN
ST DENIS
ARTS & TRADES
CH OF ST ELIZABETH
CH OF ST NICHOLAS
TEMPLE
PLACE ROYAL
ARCHIVES
TOWER OF ST JAQUES
CH OF ST MERY
HOTEL DE VILLE
PLACE DU CHATELET
CHURCH OF ST EUGENE
CHURCH OF GOOD NEWS
THE BOURSE
PLACE DES VICTOIRES
CH OF EUSTACE
CENTRAL MARKETS
MAYORALTY HOUSE
CH OF ST GERMAIN-L'AUXERROIS
CHURCH OF NOTRE DAME DE LORETTE
IMPERIAL LIBRARY
PALACE ROYAL
OPERA COMIQUE
PROTESTANT CHURCH
ITALIAN OPERA HOUSE
PLACE DU CARROUSEL
RUE DE RIVOLI
COLUMN IN THE PLACE VENDOME
GRAND OPERA HOUSE
MADELEINE
WESTERN R.R.
LIGNE DES BOULEVARDS
CHURCH OF ST AUGUSTINE
PLACE DE LA CONCORDE
THE TUILERIES
LOUVRE
CHAMPS ELYSEES
PALACE ELYSEE
THE CIRCUS
AVENUE GABRIEL
RUSSIAN CHURCH
PALACE OF INDUSTRY
DIORAMA
JARDIN MABILLE
AVENUE DES CHAMPS ELYSEES
PASSY
AVENUE DE L'IMPERATRICE
VINCENNES
MAZAS
LYONS R.R.
VINCENNES RAILWAY
PUBLIC STORES
BERCY BR.
AUSTERLITZ BR.
ST PAUL CH.
ST GERVAIS
MARIE BRIDGE
LOUIS PHILIPPE BRIDGE
NOTRE DAME
D'ARCOLE BR.
TRIBUNAL OF COMMERCE
NOTRE DAME BR.
PALACE OF JUSTICE
EXCHANGE BR.
LA SAINTE CHAPELLE
PONT DIEU
NEW BR.
MINT
BR. OF ARTS
CARROUSEL BR.
SOLFERINO BR.
CONCORD BR.
INVALIDES BR.
BRIDGE OF ALMA
BRIDGE OF JENA
JARDIN DES PLANTES
ALMS HOUSE
PANTHEON
ST NICHOLAS
SORBONNE
VAL DE GRACE
ST SEVERIN
HOTEL CLUNY
ST JAQUES
OBSERVATORY
SCEAUX R.R.
LUXEMBOURG PALACE
SCHOOL OF MEDICINE
ODEON
HOME FOR FOUNDLINGS
INSTITUTE
ST GERMAIN
ST SULPICE
PALACE OF ARTS
ST CLOTILDE
ARTESIAN WELL
HOTEL DES INVALIDES
MILITARY SCHOOL
CHAMP DE MARS
PRUSSIAN EARTHWORKS

PICTORIAL MAP OF THE CITY OF PARIS AND [illegible] VIRONS, S[illegible] BUILDINGS, MONUMENTS, PARKS, ETC., THE FRENCH FORTIFICATION



Fᵀ DE ROMAINVILLE
Fᵀ DE NOISY
Fᵀ ROSNEY
VINCENNES
MAZAS
LYONS R.R.
VINCENNES RAILWAY
PUBLIC STORES
NAPOLEON CIRCUS
BASTILE
Sᵀ PAUL CH.
Sᵀ GERVAIS
PLACE ROYAL
ARCHIVES
TOWER OF Sᵀ JAQUES
CH. of Sᵀ MERY
HOTEL DE VILLE
PLACE DU CHATELET
BERCY BR.
AUSTERLITZ BR.
MARIE BRIDGE
LOUIS PHILIPPE BRIDGE
NOTRE DAME
D'ARCOLE BR.
TRIBUNAL OF COMMERCE
NOTRE DAME BR.
PALACE OF JUSTICE
EXCHANGE BR.
LA SAINTE CHAPELLE
PONT DIEU
CH. of Sᵀ GERMAIN-L-AUXERROIS
MARKETS
MAYORALTY HOUSE
NEW BR.
MINT
BR. OF ARTS
CARROUSEL BR.
PALACE ROYAL
LOUVRE
PLACE DU CARROUSEL
RUE DE RIVOLI
THE TUILLERIES
SOLFERINO BR.
PLACE DE LA CONCORDE
CONCORD BR.
CHAMPS ELYSEES
PALACE OF INDUSTRY
CIRCUS
ROUND Pᵀ
DIORAMA
JARDIN MABILLE
AVENUE OF THE CHAMPS ELYSEES
ARCH OF TRIUMPH
AVENUE DE L'IMPERATRICE
INVALIDES BR.
PASSY
BRIDGE of ALMA
BRIDGE of JENA
BRIDGE of GRENELLE
Sᵀ ETIENNE DU MONT
JARDEN DES PLANTES
ALMS HOUSE
PANTHEON
St. NICHOLAS
SORBONNE
Sᵀ SEVERIN
HOTEL CLUNY
VAL DE GRACE
St. JAQUES
SCEAUX RR
OBSERVATORY
SCHOOL OF MEDICINE
ODEON
LUXEMBOURG PALACE
HOME FOR FOUNDLINGS
INSTITUTE
St. SULPICE
Sᵀ GERMAIN
PALACE of ARTS
WESTERN R.R.
LEGION OF HONOR
Sᵀ CLOTHILDE
LEGISLATIVE HALL
ARTESIAN WELL
HOTEL DES INVALIDES
MILITARY SCHOOL
CHAMP DE MARS
Fᵀ DE CHARENTON
Fᵀ DE IVRY
Fᵀ DE BICETRE
Fᵀ DE MONTROUGE
Fᵀ DE VANVES
Fᵀ D'ISSY
PRUSSIAN LINE
MASKED BATTERIES
MONT VALERIEN
VERSAILLES

OF PARIS AND [illegible] VIRONS, S[illegible] BUILDINGS, MONUMENTS, PARKS, ETC., THE FRENCH FORTIFICATIONS, AND THE PRUSSIAN LINES OF INVESTMENT.—[See Page 130.]